

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LI.

No. 2148.—August 22, 1885.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDAIL,	<i>Scottish Review,</i>	451
II. THE GREAT KEINPLATZ EXPERIMENT,	<i>Belgravia,</i>	458
III. PARLIAMENTARY MANNERS,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	466
IV. A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part XXIX.,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	473
V. MARLBOROUGH,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	476
VI. AN UNKNOWN COLONY,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	485
VII. SAMUEL FOOTE. The English Aristophanes,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	494
VIII. THE POET OF ELEGY,	<i>Spectator,</i>	503
IX. A CHINESE ASCOT,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	506

POETRY.

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER,	450	ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS MARY
SHIPWRECK WOOD,	450	OF PORTUGAL,
ANSWERS,	450	450

MISCELLANY, 512



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

AT the Class-Day dinner at Harvard College lately, we are informed, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," read a complimentary poem to Mr. James Russell Lowell, one verse of which runs (a trifle haltingly, if rightly reported) as follows:—

By what deep magic, what alluring arts,
Our truthful James led captive British hearts;
Whether his shrewdness made their statesmen halt,
Or if his learning found their dons at fault,
Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,
Like honest Yankees we can simply guess:
England herself will be the first to claim
Her only conqueror since the Norman came.

To which *Mr. Punch* begs amicably to reply:—

Not halting Statesmen, and not dons outdone,
Taught us to love this lord of sense and fun;
Nor did it come to us as a surprise
To find a Yankee virtuous as wise.
No, Holmes, Sweet Holmes! Our pride it
nothing shames,
To own us conquered by your Truthful James.
His "sword and spear" in truth were cause
of it,
The sword of eloquence, the spear of wit;
For heart, not art, sage head, not iron hand,
Made him the "conqueror" of our stubborn
land.

Captured us? Yes; and he'll be hailed with
rapture
If he'll come back among us to recapture!
Could *you* come too, *tant mieux!* for what
more pat

Than to pair "Conqueror" with "Autocrat"?
Verb: sap: dear Oliver! It won't be lost on
One of the best and brightest brains of Boston!
Punch.

SHIPWRECK WOOD.

SEE! how the firelight flashes on the pane.

Look! how it flickers to the raftered roof,
That almost gives its brightness back again,
So far the darkling shadows hold aloof.
See how it dances, and the warmth is good;
But all my fire is made of shipwreck wood.

Jem brought these furs from his first voyage
back;

Will found these beads, one day at Elsinore;
And the gold band that clasps my ruffles, Jack
Bought me with half his pay at Singapore.
Each speaks of love, and strength, and hardi-
hood;

But all my fire is made of shipwreck wood.

The sea is roaring over "wandering graves,"

Where all my best and bravest lie at peace.
I hear a requiem in the moaning waves

That only with my parting breath will cease.
The sea has given me work, and warmth, and
food;

But all my fire is made of shipwreck wood!

All The Year Round.

ANSWERS.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

SUMMER wind, let the hawthorns rest,
Leave the blossom to deck the bough.
"Nay, I scatter them east and west—
Who knows where they are drifting now?"

Gentle sea, let the white sails stay;
Life is brief, and to part is pain.
"Nay, I carry them far away—
Who knows when they may come again?"

Father Time, let the dreamer be;
Spare the visions that charm my sleep.
"Nay, I laugh at thy dreams and thee;
Thou shalt lose them, and wake to weep."

Wind, and billow, and ruthless Time,
All your triumph shall soon be past!
I am bound for a fairer clime,
Where lost treasures are found at last.

Blooms of summer, and loves of old,
Hopes that faded and seemed to die,
Things more precious than gems or gold
God has stored in his house on high.

Sunday Magazine.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS MARY
OF PORTUGAL.

WHAT takest thou, cruel Death?—"A day all
splendid."

At what hour diddest take't?—"At dawn
of day"

Didst thou intend thy prize?—"Intend it?
Nay!"

Who wilt thou take it?—"He that it in-
tended."

Who joys her body?—"Clay-cold Earth that
penn'd it."

How quenched was her light?—"Night o'er
it lay."

What saith our Lusit?—"She must say her
say."

What say?—"Great Mary my deserts trans-
cended."

Slewst them that saw her?—"They lay dead
before."

What now saith Love?—"He durst no
word let fall."

And who doth silence him?—"My will
be done."

What to the Court was left?—"Love-longings
sore."

What there is left to see?—"No thing at
all."

What glory failed it?—"Failed this lovely
one."

CAMOENS.

From The Scottish Review.

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDAILL.

THE name of this heroic lady is familiar to us all, and famous among those noble women whose virtue and courage have given them a place in their country's history. At first sight it might seem, indeed, as if any new sketch of Lady Nithsdail's life were unnecessary; and of the great event with which her name will be forever associated, this is doubtless true. The story of Lord Nithsdail's escape from the Tower has been often told, and we have Lady Nithsdail's own narrative, the plain, unvarnished account of her courageous deed to refer to. Little, therefore, remains to be said on this subject, but of Lady Nithsdail's domestic history and her later life abroad, we find many interesting details in the family correspondence, which is little known, and it is on this aspect of our heroine's life that we propose to dwell more fully.

Winifred Herbert was the fifth and youngest daughter of William, first Marquis of Powis; and, an exile even in her childhood, must have early learnt to suffer in the cause for which her husband was so nearly to lose his life. Lord Powis, a Catholic and a devoted loyalist, followed James the Second to France, and it was therefore in the melancholy court of St. Germain's that Winifred's youth was passed—a fit training, perhaps, for a life never, it would seem, very bright, and destined to end, like her royal master's, in a mournful exile. No traits of Winifred's girlhood have come down to us, and we can only endeavor to picture to ourselves how her education was conducted, or whose task it was to impress on her young heart those lessons of virtue and self sacrifice which afterwards bore such noble fruit.

Meanwhile in distant Scotland Lord Nithsdail was growing up under the care of his widowed mother. William, fifth Earl of Nithsdail, was born in the year 1676, and on the death of his father, succeeded to the earldom at the early age of seven. His mother, a daughter of the house of Douglas, a clever and energetic woman, admirably fulfilled her office of guardian, and brought up her son in those

sentiments of devotion to the Catholic faith, and loyalty to the house of Stuart, for which his family was famous. When he was about twenty-three, Lord Nithsdail journeyed to Paris; no doubt chiefly with the intention of doing homage to King James, but another motive soon arose to keep him at St. Germain's. He there met and wooed Lady Winifred, and as the attachment was mutual, was soon her accepted lover. Their marriage contract is dated Paris, March 2nd, 1699, but the day of the marriage itself is not known, nor can we discover where the young couple passed the first year of their married life. By the month of October, 1700, however, Lord and Lady Nithsdail were established at their own beautiful home of Terregles in Dumfriesshire, where the dowager countess continued also constantly to reside, and where she seems to have managed the affairs of the house, greatly assisting her daughter-in-law, who suffered from delicate health.

Lord Nithsdail's only surviving sister had married (in 1694) Charles, fourth Earl of Traquair, and an intimate and loving friendship united the families of Traquair and Terregles. Five children were born to Lord and Lady Nithsdail, but of these, three, Lucie, Robert, and George, died young. William Lord Maxwell and his sister Anne—still an infant in 1715—alone survived.* Up to this memorable date, there is little to record of Lady Nithsdail or her family, and few letters exist to help us to follow the comparatively peaceful, and possibly rather uninteresting, tenor of their lives.

When in 1715 the standard of the Chevalier de St. George (James III.) was raised by his adherents, Lord Nithsdail, impelled by his own Jacobite sentiments, and by the traditions of his house, hastened to join the English rising under Forster and Lord Derwentwater. Lord Nithsdail was reported to have been followed to the field by many of his tenants, but on the other hand it is stated that far from this having been the case, most of

* Lord Maxwell was probably sent abroad when quite young, for his education, as there is no mention of his presence at home at the time of his father's misfortunes.

his people were zealous for the Hanoverian government, and but few followed their master. And this, Lord Nithsdail's own statement corroborates. That his wife's entire sympathy was with the royal cause, we cannot doubt, and if it is difficult to imagine with the poet that the stately Lady Nithsdail and her sister ladies were "full loud" in their merriment on this occasion, or that they "sang in the parlor and danced in the ha'," we cannot but share the sorrow of the faithful bard when he describes his mistress's grief on hearing the fatal news:—

Our Lady dowd no nought now, but wipe aye
her een—

Her heart's like to burst the gold lace of her
gown;

Men silent gaze upon her, and minstrels make
a wail,

O dool for our brave warrior, the Lord of
Nithsdail.

Deep, indeed, must have been the despair of the poor Jacobite ladies when the tidings reached them of the disaster of Preston, and that the prisoner noblemen were on their road to London. Lord Nithsdail wrote to his wife urging her to join him in town. He knew he would be kept a close prisoner, but perhaps then he entertained hopes for his life, hopes in which his poor wife could not join, for reasons which a passage in her "Narrative" gives us the key. "A Catholick upon the Borders, and one who had a great following, and whose family had ever upon all occasions stuck to the royal family," could not, as she well knew, look for mercy, and it must have been with a heavy heart that she prepared to follow her lord. Her preparations showed the prudence and foresight which characterized her. Dismissing nearly the whole of her establishment, Lady Nithsdail confided the care of Terregles to three trusty servants, and then, foreseeing that the house would probably be searched in her absence, she, with the assistance of a faithful gardener, safely concealed the family papers in a portion of the grounds, still pointed out by tradition. Then sending her dearest treasure, her infant daughter Anne, to the affectionate care of her aunt at Traquair, Lady Nithsdail set

out on her long and perilous journey to London.* Her letters give a graphic description of all she underwent on the road. The winter of 1715-6 was unusually severe. The Thames was frozen over, and the road to the capital was blocked by snow. Coaches were stopped, and Lady Nithsdail was forced to perform most of her journey on horseback, and this with the greatest difficulty. She herself writes to Lady Traquair, "I must confess such a journey I believe, was scarce ever made, considering the weather, by a woman;" but, as she goes on to say, "an earnest desire compasses a great deal with God's help." And so the courageous lady pushed forward, undaunted by the cold, and reached town towards the middle of January. Here she lost no time in endeavoring to secure her husband's safety, and earnestly sought the assistance of those in power; but she received scant comfort, and it was plainly intimated to her that though mercy might be shown to some of the imprisoned lords, none need be expected for Lord Nithsdail, who, from his position and character, was too important a personage to be spared. The poor lady was allowed to see her husband once or twice, before she was prostrated by the illness brought on by anxiety and the great bodily fatigue she had gone through. The only thing that consoled her during this period of forced inaction, was the assurance that nothing could be done in her lord's cause until sentence should have been passed upon the prisoners. On the 19th January Lord Nithsdail and five others were brought to trial, and, at the recommendation of their friends, pleaded guilty. We cannot think that Lord Nithsdail's reply to the indictment accorded with his own dignity, or with the sentiments which had animated him to draw his sword in his master's cause; and that he was afterwards sensible of this, and regretted it, his "dying speech" † affords proof. As it was, all the hopes held out to the prisoners of saving their lives by

* Lady Nithsdail was accompanied on the journey by her attached Welsh maid, Evans, whose name frequently occurs in the correspondence.

† We refer to the address written by Lord Nithsdail on the eve—as he believed—of his execution.

pleading guilty, were vain. They were sentenced to death on February 4.

After sentence was passed, Lord Nithsdaill still cherished hopes that if a petition were presented to the king, his life might be spared. Lady Nithsdaill, though she could not share this illusion, determined to make the effort, in spite of the known difficulty of approaching the king, who had taken measures to prevent all personal appeals being made to him on behalf of the prisoners; and here we shall be pardoned if we quote Lady Nithsdaill's own account of the result.

The first day that I knew he [the king] was to goe to the Drawing Room, I dreased mysele in a black mantow and peticoat, as if in mourning, and sent to Mrs. Morgan, the same as went with me to the Tower afterwards, as before mentioned, for I did not know the Electour, and might have taken another for him, and she did, so would show me the right. I had another gentlewoman with me, but I forget who, but we went all 3 into the chamber that was between his closet and the drawing room; so that he was to pass the wholl length of the room to goe to it, and there being 3 windows in it, we sat ourselves upon the midle one, that I might have time to catch him before he could get by, which I did, and knelt down and presented my petition, telling him in French that I was the unhappy Countess of Nithsdaill, that he might not pretend he knew not who I was; but finding him going without taking my petition, I took hold of the skirt of his coat, that he might stay to heare me; but he endeavoured to get away, and I held so fast that he drew me upon my knees almost from the middle of the chamber to the drawing room door; at last one of the Bleu Ribonds that was with him took me round the waist to draw me back, and another drew the skirt of his coat out of my hand, and the petition that I had endeavoured to put in his poket fell down in the struggle, and I almost swounded with the trouble.

The unfortunate petition was picked up by a compassionate bystander and given to Lord Dorset, who managed that it should be read to the king more than once, but without apparent success. On February 18th, the warrant for the execution of the prisoners was signed, and the fatal day fixed for the following Friday, February 24. On February 22 a general petition was presented to the House of Lords

on behalf of the prisoners. The peers agreed to intercede with the king for such lords as should be considered deserving of the royal mercy. By this, as Lady Nithsdaill well understood, were intended only those who would consent to give evidence against their companions in the Jacobite rising. To this she was assured Lord Nithsdaill would never agree, and she felt that his doom was sealed. All London had, however, admired her energy and spirit, and possibly it was owing to the unceasing efforts made by her to secure her husband's pardon that his name was actually included in the list of the four lords afterwards reprieved. Lord Nithsdaill, little foreseeing that this mercy would be extended to him, was now devoutly and courageously preparing for death. On the eve as he believed of his execution he wrote a beautiful farewell letter to his brother and sister at Traquair, in which the following passage testifies to the feelings with which he regarded his wife's loving efforts to save him:—

I also most humbly thank you for your unparallelled goodness towards my dearest wife and children, whom I most earnestly recommend to you as what is most dear to me after my own soul. You have been informed by my orders of what has passed here relating to me, and what my dearest wife has done for me, so all I shall say is there cannot be enough said to her praise. Everybody admires her, everybody applauds her and extolls her for the proofs she has given me of her love. So I beg of you, dearest brother and sister, that whatever love and affection you bear to me you will transfer it unto her as most worthy of it.

It is evident from this letter that the earl now considered his case hopeless, but Lady Nithsdaill, whose courage rose in proportion as hope fled, was even now preparing her plan of escape. Her husband's place of imprisonment was in the house of Colonel D'Oyley, lieutenant-depute of the Tower, and the window, which looked out upon Water Lane, was sixty feet from the ground. Escape in that quarter seemed impossible, and inside even greater difficulties met her. The room was approached through the council chamber and the stairs and passages of the lieutenant's house, while sentinels

were placed everywhere—one at Lord Nithsdail's door, two on his floor, several in the passages and stairs, and two more at the outer door of the house. The chances of an escape seemed desperate, but Lady Nithsdail when visiting her husband had discovered that the discipline of the prison was relaxed, and that the wives and children of the keepers went in and out frequently. Her plan was to endeavor to disguise Lord Nithsdail in female dress and to escort him out of prison herself making as though he were a lady friend of her own who had accompanied her to bid farewell to the earl. And here her greatest difficulty was to persuade her husband to avail himself of the means offered for his evasion. He was more inclined to be amused at his wife's device than to believe in any successful issue to the scheme. His wife, however, nothing daunted, proceeded to concoct her plan of action, in which she was assisted by her faithful Evans. Taking advantage of the consent of the Peers to petition the king, Lady Nithsdail hastened to the Tower the same day, February 22nd, and assuming a cheerful manner, told the guards she was hopeful of mercy being granted to the prisoners, justly judging that if they believed that a reprieve was about to be granted, they would relax their vigilance. She likewise gave them money to drink to the health of the king and the Peers, but was careful only to give small sums to avoid arousing suspicion. She did not return to the Tower until the afternoon following—Thursday—the eve of the fatal day. As she was starting for the Tower, and not sooner, she communicated her intentions to Mrs. Mills, with whom she lodged, and requested her to accompany her, and also her friend Mrs. Morgan. Her idea was, that the earl, disguised in woman's dress, might pass for Mrs. Mills, who was about his own height, and she requested Mrs. Morgan to wear under her hood another she had provided for Mrs. Mills when the latter should have given hers to Lord Nithsdail. The two ladies willingly agreed to assist Lady Nithsdail as she proposed, and to give them less time to think of the risk they were incurring, she tells us that she talked unceasingly during the drive to the Tower. On arriving, Lady Nithsdail—who could only take in one person at a time—first went up to the earl's room, accompanied by Mrs. Morgan, and this good lady having divested herself of the extra clothing intended for Mrs. Mills, Lady Nithsdail

brought her outside the room, begging her, in an audible voice, to send her maid to her. Speaking in this way, and referring to a petition to be presented by her that night on Lord Nithsdail's behalf, Lady Nithsdail conducted Mrs. Morgan partly down stairs, and there met Mrs. Mills, who in her character of a friend come to take leave of the earl, concealed her face in her handkerchief, with what seemed but a very natural emotion. As soon as the two ladies were safely inside Lord Nithsdail's room, Lady Nithsdail lost no time in disguising her husband. To conceal his black eyebrows she painted them yellow, to resemble those of Mrs. Mills, and provided him with a wig of the same color. As there was no time to shave his beard, she covered it with white paint, and likewise colored his cheeks with white and red paint. This accomplished, and Mrs. Mills having put on the hood provided for her by Mrs. Morgan, Lady Nithsdail saw her safely out, imploring her also, in very audible tones, to hasten to bring her maid to her. The guards, willing to oblige Lady Nithsdail, and grateful for the presents of the previous day, made no difficulty about letting her friends in and out, and this second departure was successfully accomplished. The decisive moment now approached; after seeing Mrs. Mills off, Lady Nithsdail finished dressing her husband in all "her petticoats but one," covering the whole with a brown cloak having a hood attached.* It was now growing dark, and Lady Nithsdail resolved to delay no longer. She therefore proceeded to lead her husband from the room, adjuring him, as her supposed friend, to make the greatest despatch to bring the tardy Evans to her, and lamenting anew her delay. The guards, who suspected nothing, and had kept no very clear reckoning of the number of Lady Nithsdail's friends, opened the door, and Lady Nithsdail, with her companion, passed down the stairs. Here she took care that the earl should precede her, fearing that the guard behind might discover him by his gait. At the bottom of the stairs the faithful Evans awaited them, and under her care Lord Nithsdail was safely conveyed to a place of concealment. But the heroic wife dared not yet leave the prison; hastening back to her lord's room she took the needful

* It is said that from the cloak and hood worn by Lord Nithsdail on this occasion came the fashion of "Nithsdails," worn by the Jacobite ladies. The cloak itself is still preserved by the descendants of Lord Nithsdail as a precious heirloom.

measures to prevent the immediate discovery of his escape, and here we will quote her own words :—

When I got into my lord's chamber, I spook as it were to him, and I answered as if he had, and imitated his voice, as near as I could, and walked up and down the room, as if we had been walking and talking together, till I thought he had time enough to be out of their reach. I then began to think it was fitt for me to get out of it also. So I open'd the door, and went halfe out of it, holding the door in my hand, that what I said might be heard by those without, and took a solemn leave of my lord for that night, saying that I thought some strange thing must have hapen'd to make Evans stay, she that never used to be neglectful, in the smailest thing, to make her so in a matter of this consequence, but I found there was no remedy but going myselfe: that if the Tower was still open, when I had done I would see him that night, but he might be sure that as soon as ever it was in the morning, I would be with him, and hoped to bring him good newse, and then before I shutt the door, I drew in to the inside a little string that lifted up a wooden latche, so that when the string was wanting in the outside, the door could not be opened but by those within—after which I shut the door with a flap that it might be surely shut, and as I passed by, I told my lord's valet de Chamber, who knew nothing of the matter, that he would not have candles till he called for them, for that he would finish some prayers first, and so went down-stairs.

Taking a hackney coach, Lady Nithsdail first returned to her lodging. There she discharged the carriage, and sending for a sedan chair, proceeded to visit, first the Duchess of Buccleuch, and afterwards her other friend the Duchess of Montrose, changing her chair at each house to avoid being traced. To the Duchess of Montrose Lady Nithsdail confided what had occurred, and the duchess, warning her friend to conceal herself, as the king was already prejudiced against her, hastened to court, to see what effect would be produced by the news of the escape. At first the king was highly incensed, but when his anger cooled, is reported to have made the good-natured remark, that for a man placed in Lord Nithsdail's position, to escape was the best thing he could do.

For two days Lord and Lady Nithsdail remained concealed in a small room in the house of a poor woman, "just before the Court of Guards." On the Saturday Lord Nithsdail was conveyed to the Venetian embassy—the ambassador knowing nothing of the arrangement—and remained there concealed in one of the servants' rooms till the following Wednesday, when,

disguised in livery, he accompanied the ambassador's coach to Dover. From there he crossed safely to France in a small sailing vessel, making so rapid a passage, that the captain of the boat remarked that they could not have had a fairer wind, had they been flying for their lives. The good man little knew how applicable his words were to one of his passengers.

Leaving Lord Nithsdail in safety we must return to his courageous wife. She remained in London until the good news reached her of her husband's arrival in France. Till then it had been supposed that she had accompanied Lord Nithsdail, but when she made known through a friend that she was still in town, and requested permission to go about freely, she was informed that although no special search would be made for her, yet if she appeared publicly in either Scotland or England, she would be made prisoner. Under these circumstances Lady Nithsdail's friends must have urged her immediate departure for France, and to rejoin her husband must have been her own dearest wish, but before she could think of her own safety, she had determined to attempt a journey to Scotland, to secure the family papers buried by herself in the gardens at Terregles, and which would, as she knew, prove of vital importance to her son hereafter. To use her own words, "as I had riskt my life for the father, I was resolved to run a second risk for the benefit of the son." Therefore, accompanied by the trusty Evans, and a faithful Scotch manservant, we find Lady Nithsdail making her way north, this time choosing the smaller and less frequented inns to avoid recognition, and at last arriving safely at Traquair, which must have seemed a very haven of rest to the weary lady. Here under the affectionate care of Lord and Lady Traquair, and in the enjoyment of her little daughter's presence, Lady Nithsdail ventured to rest for two days. She then proceeded to Terregles. Here she spent three days. Having dug up the precious papers, which she found in a state of perfect preservation, she despatched them to Traquair, and returned thither herself, just in time to escape a domiciliary visit from the magistrates of Dumfries. Lady Nithsdail seems to have spent some weeks at Traquair this time, and as we hear of no annoying visits on the part of the authorities, we may conclude that this was a period of repose and peace. A few letters exist written at this time by Lady

Nithsdail to her agent at Terregles, which are interesting, chiefly as showing her interest and practical knowledge in the various domestic arrangements, necessitated by her straitened circumstances. In the month of June apparently, she returned to London, taking the same precautions as on her former journey. On reaching town she found that great talk was being made of her northern expedition, and she was told that the king was greatly displeased with her, and had ordered search to be made for her, declaring that Lady Nithsdail did what she pleased in spite of him, and had done him more mischief than any woman in Christendom. Lady Nithsdail remained concealed until the excitement had subsided, and then, warned of the danger of her position as long as she remained in Britain, and urged by her husband to delay no longer, she prepared to join him in France, taking the little Lady Anne with her. Lady Nithsdail writes to her sister at Traquair on the eve of her voyage, July 19, and the next letter we find is one from the trusty Evans, announcing the arrival of the party in Belgium. Lady Nithsdail had indeed escaped her enemies, but the stormy sea passage nearly cost her her life. Seized by a dangerous illness she had to be put ashore at Sluice, where she lay for some time unable to proceed. This must have been the more trying as Bruges was so near, and Lady Nithsdail must have longed to be with her sister, Lady Lucy, then superioress of the English convent in that town. The latter, apprised by Mrs. Evans of her sister's condition, sent a lay sister to Sluice, and all the comforts necessary for the invalid. A gentleman who had been Lady Nithsdail's fellow passenger was fortunately going direct to "the place" where Lord Nithsdail then was,* and undertook to communicate the news of his wife's illness to him. These details we learn from Mrs. Evans's letter, so graphically written, and so full of affectionate interest in her mistress, that we regret that it is the only one that has been preserved. About the middle of August Lady Nithsdail was able to move to Bruges, and by October she and her husband were once more reunited. Of Lord Nithsdail's movements during the months previous to this date it is difficult to speak with certainty, but we gather from a letter of

Lord Linton's to his mother, Lady Traquair, dated Paris, May, 1716, that Lord Nithsdail was then on the eve of starting for Italy to join the Chevalier (James III.). The prince had written to him in warm terms urging him to come to him, and assuring him that as long as he himself had a loaf of bread in the world he would share it with him. Possibly Lord Nithsdail had been disappointed with the reception he received; at any rate his visit must have been a short one if he could accomplish it and the double journey by October, as it is certain that by the middle of that month, he and Lady Nithsdail were together at Lille. Here his wife was again prostrated by illness, as we learn by one of Lord Nithsdail's rare letters. On leaving Lille the Nithsdails proceeded to Paris, and there Lady Nithsdail was received with great kindness by her royal mistress, Mary of Modena, at whose court, as we know, she had passed her youth. But willing as the queen would have been to serve Lady Nithsdail, she was herself in such straitened circumstances, that but little help could be expected. Unable to place Lady Nithsdail about her own person, she however granted her a pension of one hundred livres a month. Lord Nithsdail already received two hundred livres, but with his expensive habits he could not live on this sum. And now commences the constant reference to money matters, the struggles to make ends meet, and apologies for Lord Nithsdail's demands for assistance from his relations, which occupy so large a portion of his wife's letters, and which offer a melancholy view of the petty trials and difficulties undergone during the weary years now before her, trials which, to a high-spirited woman like her, must have been peculiarly trying. When the wives of the other Jacobite lords were granted their jointures by the English government, Lord Nithsdail's heroic wife was purposely excepted, and she and her husband depended for the actual necessities of life upon the bounty of the exiled royal family, and on the kindness and liberality of the Traquairs. That the latter were unfailing in their assistance, the family letters bear abundant proof.

By the end of February the Nithsdails quitted Paris. Lady Nithsdail had persuaded her husband to return to the prince, where alone there seemed a possibility of his being able to fill a position at all suitable to his necessities; and she herself, forced to live with as little cost as possible, retired for a short time to La

* It is to be regretted that Mrs. Evans does not mention the name of the place where Lord Nithsdail was. As will be seen, we believe him to have been then in attendance on the Chevalier, presumably in Italy.

Flèche, where she could have the satisfaction of being near her son, who was pursuing his studies at the Jesuit College of that town.*

How much Lady Nithsdail felt the fresh separation from her husband, and her anxiety about his pecuniary matters may be gathered from the following words in a letter to Lady Traquair, dated Feb. 29, 1717:—

All my satisfaction is, that at least my husband has twice as much to maintain himself and man as I have, so I hope when he sees there is no resource, as indeed now there is not, having sold all, even to the little necessary plate I took so much pains to bring over, he will live accordingly, which will be some comfort to me, though I have the mortification to be from him, which, after we mett againe, I hope never to have seperated, but God's will be done; and I submit to this cross as well as many others I have had in the world, though I must confess living from a husband I love so well is a very great one.

On June 10th Lady Nithsdail tells her sister-in-law, that she has heard of Lord Nithsdail's safe arrival in Italy, after a most dangerous passage. For five days the peril was so great that the seamen, in despair, left off working, and the ship remained at the mercy of the waves. It was mercifully cast upon the shore at Antibes, and Lord Nithsdail was soon after enabled to join his royal master.

It was not long, however, before he became weary of his position near the Chevalier, and his letters to his wife inform her of the disappointments he meets with, and soon of his wish to leave the prince and return to her. He then still clung to the hope that Lady Nithsdail would receive her jointure from the English government, and looked to that for their support. Lady Nithsdail, more prudent, and zealous for her husband's honor, continued to urge him to remain with his master.

In answer to one of Lord Nithsdail's desponding letters, she writes:—

You may be sure, my dear lord, that having you with me, or neare me, would be the greatest natural satisfaction I could have in this world; but I should be a very ill wife, if to procure it myselfe, I would lett you run into those inconveniencys you would doe, if you follow'd the method you propose of leaving your master. For assure yourself, you will in following it, ruine your reputation and put yourself in a starving condition.

This letter was written in September,

* After her residence at La Flèche, Lady Nithsdail apparently returned to Paris.

1717, and in her subsequent letters to Lady Traquair, Lady Nithsdail refers to the uncertainty of Lord Nithsdail's plans and his recurring wish to leave Italy.

In the following May, she alludes to the report of the prince's approaching marriage, and on June 8th is able to confirm the good news, and inform her sister-in-law that Lord Nithsdail has had a most satisfactory interview with his master, who announced his marriage, and told him he specially desired to have him in his household. Lord Nithsdail urged his wife to join him with as little delay as possible, but as usual, pecuniary difficulties were in the way. After quoting her husband's letter, Lady Nithsdail continues:—

But tho' he bid me loos noe time in writing to you about borrowing money, I would not doe it, because though he did not know it, my dear Mistress* who was underhand the occasion of furthering my promotion, and who, though it must never be known, was resolved I should be about her daughter-in-law, had promist me to give me notice when it was fit for me to goe, and would have given me what was requisite to carry me, and writ to me four dayes befor her illness, what she would have me write to her Son in order to it, which I did the first post, and sent it inclosed in a letter to her. But, alas! it arrived the day she dyed, some hours after her death. Imagine you whether her loss is not a great one to me. I may truly say I have lost a kind mother, for she was truly that to me whilst I had her. I would not write to you, being sensible that you have already done a great deal, so that nothing but unavoidable necessity could make me mention any such thing. But alas! I am so far from being able to comply with my husband's dessire now, that I know not how to scarce keep myselfe from starving with the small credit I have here, being reduced to the greatest of straits. My pention never having been payd but by months, and the dangerous and long sickness of my little girle occasion'd my being in debt, even before my fateall loss. But had I not lost my deare Mistris, I know she would have supply'd me out of hir privat purse, for my pention was too small to have lived upon, without her unknown supplies, and even of that small pention I have not had one farthing since her death, and if I doe not doe what my husband desires me, all hopes is lost of our ever promoting ourselves, if we slipe this opportunity, which you will see by his other letter writ after he knew of the loss I had made, tho' he knows not yet how great it was to me. But if your husband's goodness and yours does not give a helping hand, I may not only loos all hopes, but even starve for what I see.

We do not learn whether, on this occa-

* Mary of Modena.

sion, Lady Traquair was able to come to her sister-in-law's assistance, but it was the less necessary, as the prince himself provided money for her journey, and so at last she was able to rejoin her husband in Italy. This journey was the last of any importance undertaken by Lady Nithsdail. For the remaining years of their lives, she and Lord Nithsdail lived in Rome, with the exception, perhaps, of some visits to other Italian towns.

And now we would fain have hoped that the valiant lady, who had already suffered so much, would close her days in peace, honored and appreciated by all; but although, no doubt, Lady Nithsdail had attained her greatest wish — that of being reunited to her husband — many trials still awaited her. The old pecuniary difficulties met her in Rome, and her husband's inability to make ends meet, was a source of constant anxiety to her. It might at least have been supposed that at the court of Prince James, Lady Nithsdail would have met with that attention which her own character, as well as her husband's known suffering in the cause, merited, but even here much disappointment awaited her. When Lady Nithsdail had been some months in Rome, the auspicious event already alluded to took place. On May 17, 1719, Lady Nithsdail, writing to Lady Traquair, announces the arrival of the princess Clementina Sobieski, the Chevalier's bride. Lady Nithsdail is charmed with her appearance, and describes her as "one of the charmingest, obliging, and well brede young ladys that ever was seen," and very pretty, and considers that the prince cannot fail to be extremely happy with her.

Lady Nithsdail's subsequent letters constantly refer to the royal family, and the following passage of a letter, dated 1723, gives a pleasing picture of the kindly feeling evinced by the royal pair towards their followers: —

I have no newse to tell you, but that last Tuesday, we had the honour of my Master and Mistris at supper with us, so that I never could hope to have my weeding day so solemnly kept, and they were so obliging as to be truly merry which favour I shall never forget.

This is the bright side of the picture, for Lady Nithsdail had many slights to undergo in her relations with the court. She and Lord Nithsdail must have had enemies, or at least but cold friends, among those near the prince, for there certainly seems to have been a certain coldness and constraint on his part and on

that of the princess towards Lady Nithsdail on more than one important occasion. That she keenly felt the difficulties of her position is evident from her letters, but for the sake of her family she bore everything, and did not seek to withdraw herself from her position in the royal household. That her personal feelings of duty and affection to her master and mistress did not falter we may feel sure, and her letters show the tender interest with which she watched over the infancy of the royal child, whose melancholy destiny she could then happily little foresee, and the joy with which she greeted, a few years later, the birth of a second prince.

And so the years passed, without any special event to mark their course. The correspondence with her sister-in-law seems to have been one of Lady Nithsdail's chief comforts, a link, as it were, with home and kindred, and we can imagine her pleasure when her son's happy marriage with his cousin, Lady Catherine Stuart, united the families still more closely. On the same day that witnessed Lord Maxwell's wedding, his sister, Lady Anne, became the wife of John, fourth Lord Bellew. This marriage also gave great satisfaction to Lord and Lady Nithsdail. At peace about her children, Lady Nithsdail had yet one great sorrow to undergo, the greatest that could befall her loving heart. In 1745, a fatal and memorable year for all connected with the house of Stuart, Lord Nithsdail died, and we who have followed his wife through so much sorrow, can guess what this crowning grief must have been to her.

After five years of lonely widowhood, Lady Nithsdail died, like her husband, in Rome. Of her last moments we possess no record, nor can the place of her sepulchre be discovered, but this matters the less, as her name is one of those that never die, and the story of her wifely devotion will be told in all generations.

From Belgravia.

THE GREAT KEINPLATZ EXPERIMENT.

OF all the sciences which have puzzled the sons of man none had such an attraction for the learned Professor von Baumgarten as those which relate to psychology and the ill-defined relations between mind and matter. A celebrated anatomist, a profound chemist, and one of the first physiologists in Europe, it was a relief for him to turn from these subjects and to

bring his varied knowledge to bear upon the study of the soul and the mysterious relationship of spirits. At first when as a young man he began to dip into the secrets of mesmerism, his mind seemed to be wandering in a strange land where all was chaos and darkness, save that here and there some great unexplainable and disconnected fact loomed out in front of him. As the years passed, however, and as the worthy professor's stock of knowledge increased, for knowledge begets knowledge as money bears interest, much which had seemed strange and unaccountable began to take another shape in his eyes. New trains of reasoning became familiar to him, and he perceived connecting links where all had been incomprehensible and startling. By experiments which extended over twenty years, he obtained a basis of facts upon which it was his ambition to build up a new exact science which should embrace mesmerism, spiritualism, and all cognate subjects. In this he was much helped by his intimate knowledge of the more intricate parts of animal physiology which treat of nerve currents and the working of the brain; for Alexis von Baumgarten was regius professor of physiology at the University of Keinplatz, and had all the resources of the laboratory to aid him in his profound researches.

Professor von Baumgarten was tall and thin, with a hatchet face and steel-grey eyes, which were singularly bright and penetrating. Much thought had furrowed his forehead and contracted his heavy eyebrows, so that he appeared to wear a perpetual frown, which often misled people as to his character, for though austere he was tender-hearted. He was popular among the students, who would gather round him after his lectures and listen eagerly to his strange theories. Often he would call for volunteers from amongst them in order to conduct some experiment, so that eventually there was hardly a lad in the class who had not, at one time or another, been thrown into a mesmeric trance by his professor.

Of all these young devotees of science there was none who equalled in enthusiasm Fritz von Hartmann. It had often seemed strange to his fellow-students that wild, reckless Fritz, as dashing a young fellow as ever hailed from the Rhinelands, should devote the time and trouble which he did, in reading up abstruse works and in assisting the professor in his strange experiments. The fact was, however, that Fritz was a knowing and long-headed

fellow. Months before he had lost his heart to young Elise, the blue-eyed, yellow-haired daughter of the lecturer. Although he had succeeded in learning from her lips that she was not indifferent to his suit, he had never dared to announce himself to her family as a formal suitor. Hence he would have found it a difficult matter to see his young lady had he not adopted the expedient of making himself useful to the professor. By this means he frequently was asked to the old man's house, where he willingly submitted to be experimented upon in any way, as long as there was a chance of his receiving one bright glance from the eyes of Elise, or one touch of her little hand.

Young Fritz von Hartmann was a handsome lad enough. There were broad acres, too, which would descend to him when his father died. To many he would have seemed an eligible suitor; but madame frowned upon his presence in the house, and lectured the professor at times on his allowing such a wolf to prowl around their lamb. To tell the truth, Fritz had an evil name in Keinplatz. Never was there a riot or a duel, or any other mischief afoot, but the young Rhinelander figured as a ringleader in it. No one used more free and violent language, no one drank more, no one played cards more habitually, no one was more idle, save in the one solitary subject. No wonder then that the good Frau Professorin gathered her *Fräulein* under her wing, and resented the attentions of such a *mauvais sujet*. As to the worthy lecturer, he was too much engrossed by his strange studies to form an opinion upon the subject, one way or the other.

For many years there was one question which had continually obtruded itself upon his thoughts. All his experiments and his theories turned upon a single point. A hundred times a day the professor asked himself whether it was possible for the human spirit to exist apart from the body for a time and then to return to it once again. When the possibility first suggested itself to him his scientific mind had revolted from it. It clashed too violently with preconceived ideas and the prejudices of his early training. Gradually, however, as he proceeded farther and farther along the pathway of original research, his mind shook off its old fetters and became ready to face any conclusion which could reconcile the facts. There were many things which made him believe that it was possible for mind to exist apart from matter. At last it occurred to

him that by a daring and original experiment the question might be definitely decided.

"It is evident," he remarked in his celebrated article upon invisible entities, which appeared in the *Keinplatz wöchentliche Medicalschrift* about this time, and which surprised the whole scientific world — "it is evident that under certain conditions the soul or mind does separate itself from the body. In the case of a mesmerized person, the body lies in a cataleptic condition, but the spirit has left it. Perhaps you reply that the soul is there, but in a dormant condition. I answer that this is not so, otherwise how can one account for the condition of clairvoyance, which has fallen into disrepute through the knavery of certain scoundrels, but which can easily be shown to be an undoubted fact. I have been able myself, with a sensitive subject, to obtain an accurate description of what was going on in another room or another house. How can such knowledge be accounted for on any hypothesis save that the soul of the subject has left the body and is wandering through space? For a moment it is recalled by the voice of the operator and says what it has seen, and then wings its way once more through the air. Since the spirit is by its very nature invisible, we cannot see these comings and goings, but we see their effect in the body of the subject, now rigid and inert, now struggling to narrate impressions which could never have come to it by natural means. There is only one way which I can see by which the fact can be demonstrated. Although we in the flesh are unable to see these spirits, yet our own spirits, could we separate them from the body, would be conscious of the presence of others. It is my intention therefore shortly to mesmerize one of my pupils. I shall then mesmerize myself in a manner which has become easy to me. After that, if my theory holds good, my spirit will have no difficulty in meeting and communing with the spirit of my pupil, both being separated from the body. I hope to be able to communicate the result of this interesting experiment in an early number of the *Keinplatz wöchentliche Medicalschrift*."

When the good professor finally fulfilled his promise, and published an account of what occurred, the narrative was so extraordinary that it was received with general incredulity. The tone of some of the papers was so offensive in their comments upon the matter that the angry *savant* declared that he would never open

his mouth again or refer to the subject in any way — a promise which he has faithfully kept. This narrative has been compiled, however, from the most authentic sources, and the events cited in it may be relied upon as substantially correct.

It happened, then, that shortly after the time when Professor von Baumgarten conceived the idea of the above-mentioned experiment, he was walking thoughtfully homewards after a long day in the laboratory when he met a crowd of roystering students who had just streamed out from a beer-house. At the head of them, half intoxicated and very noisy, was young Fritz von Hartmann. The professor would have passed them, but his pupil ran across and intercepted him.

"Heh! my worthy master," he said, taking the old man by the sleeve, and leading him down the road with him. "There is something that I have to say to you, and it is easier for me to say it now, when the good beer is humming in my head, than at another time."

"What is it, then, Fritz?" the physiologist asked, looking at him in mild surprise.

"I hear, mein Herr, that you are about to do some wondrous experiment in which you hope to take a man's soul out of his body, and then to put it back again. Is it not so?"

"It is true, Fritz."

"And have you considered, my dear sir, that you may have some difficulty in finding some one on whom to try this? Potztausend! Suppose that the soul went out and would not come back. That would be a bad business. Who is to take the risk?"

"But, Fritz," the professor cried, very much startled by this view of the matter, "I had relied upon your assistance in the matter. Surely you will not desert me. Consider the honor and glory."

"Consider the fiddlesticks!" the student cried angrily. "Am I to be paid always thus? Did I not stand two hours upon a glass insulator while you poured electricity into my body? Have you not stimulated my phrenic nerves, besides ruining my digestion with a galvanic current round my stomach? Four-and-thirty times you have mesmerized me, and what have I got from all this? Nothing. And now you wish to take my soul out, as you would take the works from a watch. It is more than flesh and blood can stand."

"Dear, dear!" the professor cried in great distress. "That is very true, Fritz. I never thought of it before. If you can

but suggest how I can compensate you, you will find me ready and willing."

"Then listen," said Fritz solemnly. "If you will pledge your word that after this experiment I may have the hand of your daughter, then I am willing to assist you, but if not, I shall have nothing to do with it. Those are my only terms."

"And what would my daughter say to this?" the professor exclaimed after a pause of astonishment.

"Elise would welcome it," the young man replied. "We have loved each other long."

"Then she shall be yours," the physiologist said with decision, "for you are a good-hearted young man, and one of the best neurotic subjects that I have ever known—that is when you are not under the influence of alcohol. My experiment is to be performed upon the 4th of next month. You will attend at the physiological laboratory at twelve o'clock. It will be a great occasion, Fritz. Von Gruben is coming from Jena, and Hinterstein from Basle. The chief men of science of all south Germany will be there."

"I shall be punctual," the student said briefly; and so the two parted. The professor plodded homeward, thinking of the great coming event, while the young man staggered along after his noisy companions, with his mind full of the blue-eyed Elise, and of the bargain which he had concluded with her father.

The professor did not exaggerate when he spoke of the wide-spread interest excited by his novel psycho-physiological experiment. Long before the hour had arrived the room was filled by a galaxy of talent. Besides the celebrities whom he had mentioned, there had come from London the great Professor Lurcher, who had just established his reputation by a remarkable treatise upon cerebral centres. Several great lights of the Spiritualistic body had also come a long distance to be present, as had a Swedenborgian minister, who considered that the proceedings might throw some light upon the doctrines of the Rosy Cross.

There was considerable applause from this eminent assembly, upon the appearance of Professor von Baumgarten and his subject upon the platform. The lecturer, in a few well-chosen words, explained what his views were, and how he proposed to test them. "I hold," he said, "that when a person is under the influence of mesmerism, his spirit is for the time released from his body, and I challenge any one to put forward any other hypothesis

which will account for the fact of clairvoyance. I therefore hope that upon mesmerizing my young friend here, and then putting myself into a trance, our spirits may be able to commune together, though our bodies lie still and inert. After a time nature will resume her sway, our spirits will return into our respective bodies, and all will be as before. With your kind permission, we shall now proceed to attempt the experiment."

The applause was renewed at this speech, and the audience settled down in expectant silence. With a few rapid passes the professor mesmerized the young man, who sank back in his chair, pale and rigid. He then took a bright globe of glass from his pocket, and, by concentrating his gaze upon it and making a strong mental effort, he succeeded in throwing himself into the same condition. It was a strange and impressive sight to see the old man and the young sitting together in the same cataleptic condition. Whither, then, had their souls fled? That was the question which presented itself to each and every one of the spectators.

Five minutes passed, and then ten, and then fifteen, and then fifteen more, while the professor and his pupil sat stiff and stark upon the platform. During that time not a sound was heard from the assembled *savants*, but every eye was bent upon the two pale faces, in search of the first signs of returning consciousness. Nearly an hour had elapsed before the patient watchers were rewarded. A faint flush came back to the cheeks of Professor von Baumgarten. The soul was coming back once more to its earthly tenement. Suddenly he stretched out his long, thin arms, as one awaking from sleep, and rubbing his eyes, stood up from his chair and gazed about him as though he hardly realized where he was. "Tausend Teufel!" he exclaimed, rapping out a tremendous south-German oath, to the great astonishment of his audience and to the disgust of the Swedenborgian. "Where the Henker am I then, and what in thunder has occurred? Oh yes, I remember now. One of these nonsensical mesmeric experiments. There is no result this time, for I remember nothing at all since I became unconscious; so you have had all your long journeys for nothing, my learned friends, and a very good joke too;" at which the regius professor of physiology burst into a roar of laughter and slapped his thigh in a highly indecorous fashion. The audience were so enraged at this unseemly behavior on the

part of their host, that there might have been a considerable disturbance had it not been for the judicious interference of young Fritz von Hartmann, who had now recovered from his lethargy. Stepping to the front of the platform, the young man apologized for the conduct of his companion. "I am sorry to say," he said, "that he is a harum-scarum sort of fellow, although he appeared so grave at the commencement of this experiment. He is still suffering from mesmeric reaction and is hardly accountable for his words. As to the experiment itself, I do not consider it to be a failure. It is very possible that our spirits may have been communing in space during this hour; but, unfortunately, our gross bodily memory is distinct from our spirit, and we cannot recall what has occurred. My energies shall now be devoted to devising some means by which spirits may be able to recollect what occurs to them in their free state, and I trust that when I have worked this out, I may have the pleasure of meeting you all once again in this hall, and demonstrating to you the result." This address, coming from so young a student, caused considerable astonishment among the audience, and some were inclined to be offended, thinking that he assumed rather too much importance. The majority, however, looked upon him as a young man of great promise, and many comparisons were made as they left the hall between his dignified conduct and the levity of his professor, who during the above remarks was laughing heartily in a corner, by no means abashed at the failure of the experiment.

Now although all these learned men were filing out of the lecture-room under the impression that they had seen nothing of note, as a matter of fact one of the most wonderful things in the whole history of the world had just occurred before their very eyes. Professor von Baumgarten had been so far correct in his theory that both his spirit and that of his pupil had been for a time absent from his body. But here a strange and unforeseen complication had occurred. In their return the spirit of Fritz von Hartmann had entered into the body of Alexis von Baumgarten, and that of Alexis von Baumgarten had taken up its abode in the frame of Fritz von Hartmann. Hence the slang and scurrility which issued from the lips of the serious professor, and hence also the weighty words and grave statements which fell from the careless student. It was an unprecedented event, yet no one knew of it, least of all those whom it concerned.

The body of the professor, feeling conscious suddenly of a great dryness about the back of the throat, sallied out into the street, still chuckling to himself over the result of the experiment, for the soul of Fritz within was reckless at the thought of the bride whom he had won so easily. His first impulse was to go up to the house and see her, but on second thoughts he came to the conclusion that it would be best to stay away until Madame Baumgarten should be informed by her husband of the agreement which had been made. He therefore made his way down to the Grüner Mann, which was one of the favorite trysting places of the wilder students, and ran, boisterously waving his cane in the air, into the little parlor, where sat Spiegler and Müller and half-a-dozen other boon companions.

"Ha, ha! my boys," he shouted. "I knew I should find you here. Drink up, every one of you, and call for what you like, for I'm going to stand treat to-day."

Had the green man who is depicted upon the signpost of that well-known inn suddenly marched into the room and called for a bottle of wine, the students could not have been more amazed than they were by this unexpected entry of their revered professor. They were so astonished that for a minute or two they glared at him in utter bewilderment without being able to make any reply to his hearty invitation.

"Donner und Blitzen!" shouted the professor angrily. "What the deuce is the matter with you, then? You sit there like a set of stuck pigs staring at me. What is it, then?"

"It is the unexpected honor," stammered Spiegler who was in the chair.

"Honor — rubbish!" said the professor testily. "Do you think that just because I happen to have been exhibiting mesmerism to a parcel of old fossils, I am therefore too proud to associate with dear old friends like you? Come, out of that chair, Spiegler my boy, for I shall preside now. Beer, or wine, or schnapps, my lads — call for what you like and put it all down to me."

Never was there such an afternoon in the Grüner Mann. The foaming flagons of lager and the green-necked bottles of Rhenish circulated merrily. By degrees the students lost their shyness in the presence of their professor. As for him, he shouted, he sang, he roared, he balanced a long tobacco pipe upon his nose, and offered to run a hundred yards against any member of the company. The Kell-

ner and the barmaid whispered to each other outside the door their astonishment at such proceedings on the part of a regius professor of the ancient university of Keinplatz. They had still more to whisper about afterwards, for the learned man cracked the Kellner's crown and kissed the barmaid behind the kitchen door.

"Gentlemen," said the professor standing up, albeit somewhat tottering, at the end of the table, and balancing his high, old-fashioned wineglass in his bony hand, "I must now explain to you what is the cause of this festivity."

"Hear! hear!" roared the students, hammering their beer glasses against the table, "a speech, a speech!—silence for a speech!"

"The fact is, my friends," said the professor, beaming through his spectacles, "I hope very soon to be married."

"Married!" cried a student, bolder than the others, "is madame dead, then?"

"Madame who?"

"Why, Madame von Baumgarten, of course."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the professor; "I can see, then, that you know all about my former difficulties. No, she is not dead, but I have reason to believe that she will not oppose my marriage."

"That is very accommodating of her," remarked one of the company.

"In fact," said the professor, "I hope that she will now be induced to aid me in getting a wife. She and I never took to each other very much; but now I hope all that may be ended, and when I marry she will come and stay with me."

"What a happy family!" exclaimed some wag.

"Yes, indeed, and I hope you will come to my wedding, all of you. I won't mention names, but here is to my little bride!" and the professor waved his glass in the air.

"Here's to his little bride!" roared the roysterers with shouts of laughter. "Here's her health. Sie soll leben—hoch!"—and so the fun waxed still more fast and furious, while each young fellow followed the professor's example, and drank a toast to the girl of his heart.

While all this festivity had been going on at the Grüner Mann, a very different scene had been enacted elsewhere. Young Fritz von Hartmann, with a solemn face and a reserved manner, had, after the experiment, consulted and adjusted some mathematical instruments; after which, with a few peremptory words to the jani-

tors, he had walked out into the street and wended his way slowly in the direction of the house of the professor. As he walked he saw Von Althaus, the professor of anatomy, in front of him, and quickening his pace he overtook him.

"I say, Von Althaus," he exclaimed, tapping him on the sleeve, "you were asking me for some information the other day concerning the middle coat of the cerebral arteries. Now I find—"

"Donnerwetter!" shouted Von Althaus, who was a peppery old fellow. "What the deuce do you mean by your impertinence? I'll have you up before the Academic Senate for this, sir;" with which threat he turned on his heel, and hurried away. Von Hartmann was much surprised at this reception. "It's on account of this failure of my experiment," he said to himself, and continued moodily on his way.

Fresh surprises were in store for him, however. He was hurrying along when he was overtaken by two students. These youths, instead of raising their caps or showing any other sign of respect, gave a wild whoop of delight the instant that they saw him, and rushing at him, seized him by each arm and commenced dragging him along with them.

"Gott in Himmel!" roared Von Hartmann. "What is the meaning of this unparalleled insult? Where are you taking me?"

"To crack a bottle of wine with us," said the two students. "Come along! That is an invitation which you have never refused."

"I never heard of such insolence in my life," cried Von Hartmann. "Let go my arms! I shall certainly have you rusticated for this. Let me go, I say!" and he kicked furiously at his captors.

"Oh, if you choose to turn ill-tempered, you may go where you like," the students said, releasing him. "We can do very well without you."

"I know you. I'll pay you out," said Von Hartmann furiously, and continued in the direction which he imagined to be his own home, much incensed at the two episodes which had occurred to him on the way.

Now Madame von Baumgarten, who was looking out of the window and wondering why her husband was late for dinner, was considerably astonished to see the young student come stalking down the road. As already remarked, she had a great antipathy to him, and if ever he ventured into the house it was on sufferance,

and under the protection of the professor. Still more astonished was she therefore when she beheld him undo the wicket gate and stride up the garden path with the air of one who is master of the situation. She could hardly believe her eyes, and hastened to the door with all her maternal instincts up in arms. From the upper windows the fair Elise had also observed this daring move upon the part of her lover, and her heart beat quick with mingled pride and consternation.

"Good-day, sir," Madame Baumgarten remarked to the intruder, as she stood in gloomy majesty in the open doorway.

"A very fine day indeed, Martha," returned the other. "Now, don't stand there like a statue of Juno, but bustle about and get the dinner ready, for I am well-nigh starved."

"Martha! Dinner!" ejaculated the lady, falling back in astonishment.

"Yes, dinner, Martha, dinner!" howled Von Hartmann, who was becoming irritable. "Is there anything wonderful in that request when a man has been out all day? I'll wait in the dining-room. Anything will do. Schinken, and sausage, and prunes—any little thing that happens to be about. There you are, standing staring again. Woman, will you or will you not stir your legs?"

This last address, delivered with a perfect shriek of rage, had the effect of sending good Madame Baumgarten flying along the passage and through the kitchen, where she locked herself up in the scullery and went into violent hysterics. In the mean time Von Hartmann strode into the room and threw himself down upon the sofa in the worst of tempers.

"Elise!" he shouted. "Confound the girl! Elise!"

Thus roughly summoned, the young lady came timidly down-stairs and into the presence of her lover. "Dearest!" she cried, throwing her arms round him. "I know this is all done for my sake. It is a ruse in order to see me."

Von Hartmann's indignation at this fresh attack upon him was so great that he became speechless for a minute from rage, and could only glare and shake his fists, while he struggled in her embrace. When he at last regained his utterance, he indulged in such a bellow of passion that the young lady dropped back, petrified with fear, into an armchair.

"Never have I passed such a day in my life," Von Hartmann cried, stamping upon the floor. "My experiment has failed. Von Althaus has insulted me.

Two students have dragged me along the public road. My wife nearly faints when I ask her for dinner, and my daughter flies at me and bugs me like a grizzly bear."

"You are ill, dear," the young lady cried. "Your mind is wandering. You have not even kissed me once."

"No, and I don't intend to either," Von Hartmann said with decision. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why don't you go and fetch my slippers, and help your mother to dish the dinner?"

"And is it for this," Elise cried, burying her face in her handkerchief—"is it for this that I have loved you passionately for upwards of ten months? Is it for this that I have braved my mother's wrath? Oh, you have broken my heart, I am sure you have!" and she sobbed hysterically.

"I can't stand much more of this," roared Von Hartmann furiously. "What the deuce does the girl mean! What did I do ten months ago which inspired you with such a particular affection for me? If you are really so very fond, you would do better to run away down and find the Schinken and some bread, instead of talking all this nonsense."

"Oh, my darling!" cried the unhappy maiden, throwing herself into the arms of what she imagined to be her lover, "you do but joke in order to frighten your little Elise."

Now it chanced that at the moment of this unexpected embrace, Von Hartmann was still leaning back against the end of the sofa, which, like much German furniture, was in a somewhat rickety condition. It also chanced that beneath this end of the sofa there stood a tank full of water in which the physiologist was conducting certain experiments upon the ova of fish, and which he kept in his drawing-room in order to insure an equable temperature. The additional weight of the maiden combined with the impetus with which she hurled herself upon him, caused the precarious piece of furniture to give way, and the body of the unfortunate student was hurled backwards into the tank, in which his head and shoulders were firmly wedged while his lower extremities flapped helplessly about in the air. This was the last straw. Extricating himself with some difficulty from his unpleasant position, Von Hartmann gave an inarticulate yell of fury, and dashing out of the room, in spite of the entreaties of Elise, he seized his hat and rushed off into the town, all dripping and dishevelled, with the intention of seeking in some inn the food

and comfort which he could not find at home.

As the spirit of Von Baumgarten encased in the body of Von Hartmann strode down the winding pathway which led down to the little town, brooding angrily over his many wrongs, he became aware that an elderly man was approaching him who appeared to be in an advanced state of intoxication. Von Hartmann waited by the side of the road and watched this individual, who came stumbling along, reeling from one side of the road to the other, and singing a student song in a very husky and drunken voice. At first his interest was merely excited by the fact of seeing a man of so venerable an appearance in such a disgraceful condition, but as he approached nearer, he became convinced that he knew the other well, though he could not recall when or where he had met him. This impression became so strong with him, that when the stranger came abreast of him he stepped in front of him and took a good look at his features.

"Well, sonny," said the drunken man, surveying Von Hartmann and swaying about in front of him, "where the Henker have I seen you before? I know you as well as I know myself. Who the deuce are you?"

"I am Professor von Baumgarten," said the student. "May I ask who you are? I am strangely familiar with your features."

"You should never tell lies, young man," said the other. "You're certainly not the professor, for he is an ugly, snuffy old chap, and you are a big, broad-shouldered young fellow. As to myself, I am Fritz von Hartmann, at your service."

"That you certainly are not," exclaimed the body of Von Hartmann. "You might very well be his father. But hullo, sir, are you aware that you are wearing my studs and my watch-chain?"

"Donnerwetter!" hiccupped the other. "If those are not the trousers for which my tailor is about to sue me, may I never taste beer again."

Now as Von Hartmann, overwhelmed by the many strange things which had occurred to him that day, passed his hand over his forehead and cast his eyes downwards, he chanced to catch the reflection of his own face in a pool which the rain had left upon the road. To his utter astonishment he perceived that his face was that of a youth, that his dress was that of a fashionable young student, and that in every way he was the antithesis of the

grave and scholarly figure in which his mind was wont to dwell. In an instant his active brain ran over the series of events which had occurred, and sprang to the conclusion. He fairly reeled under the blow.

"Himmel!" he cried, "I see it all. Our souls are in the wrong bodies. I am you and you are I. My theory is proved—but at what an expense! Is the most scholarly mind in Europe to go about with this frivolous exterior? Oh, the labors of a lifetime are ruined!" and he smote his breast in his despair.

"I say," remarked the real Von Hartmann from the body of the professor, "I quite see the force of your remarks, but don't go knocking my body about like that. You received it in excellent condition, but I perceive that you have wet it and bruised it, and spilled snuff over my ruffled shirt-front."

"It matters little," the other said moodily. "Such as we are, so must we stay. My theory is triumphantly proved, but the cost is terrible."

"If I thought so," said the spirit of the student, "it would be hard indeed. What could I do with these stiff old limbs, and how could I woo Elise and persuade her that I was not her father? No, thank Heaven, in spite of the beer which has upset me more than ever it could upset my real self, I can see a way out of it."

"How?" gasped the professor.

"Why, by repeating the experiment. Liberate our souls once more, and the chances are that they will find their way back into their respective bodies."

No drowning man could clutch more eagerly at a straw than did Von Baumgarten's spirit at this suggestion. In feverish haste he dragged his own frame to the side of the road and threw it into a mesmeric trance; he then extracted the crystal ball from the pocket, and managed to bring himself into the same condition.

Some students and peasants who chanced to pass during the next hour were much astonished to see the worthy professor of physiology and his favorite student, both sitting upon a very muddy bank and both completely insensible. Before the hour was up quite a crowd had assembled, and they were discussing the advisability of sending for an ambulance to convey the pair to hospital, when the learned *savant* opened his eyes and gazed vacantly around him. For an instant he seemed to forget how he had come there, but next moment he astonished his audience by waving his skinny arms above

his head and crying out in a voice of rapture, "Gott sei gedanket! I am myself again. I feel I am!" nor was the amazement lessened when the student springing to his feet burst into the same cry, and the two performed a sort of *pas de joie* in the middle of the road.

For some time after that people had some suspicion of the sanity of both the actors in this strange episode. When the professor published his experiences in the *Medicalschrift*, as he had promised, he was met by an intimation, even from his colleagues, that he would do well to have his mind cared for, and that another such publication would certainly consign him to a madhouse. The student also found by experience that it was wisest to be silent about the matter.

When the worthy lecturer returned home that night he did not receive the cordial welcome which he might have looked for after his strange adventures. On the contrary, he was roundly upbraided by both his female relatives for smelling of drink and tobacco, and also for being absent while a young scapegrace invaded the house and insulted its occupants. It was long before the domestic atmosphere of the lecturer's house resumed its normal quiet, and longer still before the genial face of Von Hartmann was seen beneath its roof. Perseverance, however, conquers every obstacle, and the student eventually succeeded in pacifying the enraged ladies and in establishing himself upon the old footing. He has now no longer any cause to fear the enmity of Madame, for he is Hauptmann von Hartmann of the emperor's own Uhlans, and his loving wife Elise has already presented him with two little Uhlans as a visible sign and token of her affection.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

From The Nineteenth Century.
PARLIAMENTARY MANNERS.

On the 18th of May, on the occasion of one of Mr. Gladstone's latest appearances in the House of Commons in the capacity of first lord of the treasury, there happened a remarkable and lamentable scene. The motion before the House was for a vote of three millions on account of the estimates. Lord Randolph Churchill seized the opportunity to deliver a cursory speech on affairs in Afghanistan. Mr. Gladstone, rising to reply, was subjected to treatment by gentlemen opposite

which exceeded even the bounds to which the House had of late been accustomed. Every remark was interrupted by cries of "No! no!" by ironical cheering, bursts of forced laughter, and once by groans. After struggling for some time with these difficulties, the premier paused and said, "It is hardly possible to do justice to the proper respect I owe to the House, and to preserve the proper and necessary continuity of remark in what I have to say, if conduct so extraordinary and so unparalleled" — here Sir Michael Hicks Beach interposed with a negative. "Yes," said Mr. Gladstone, leaning across the table and personally addressing the right honorable baronet, "I must tell the member for Gloucestershire that it is unparalleled, and I am sorry that he should give it encouragement."

It is a hazardous thing to dissent from the opinion expressed by so high an authority. Mr. Gladstone has been for fifty years a principal figure in the House of Commons, and a close observer of its manners. Moreover, he is in this particular supported by general conviction. A score of times during the existence of the present Parliament the newspapers, mirroring public opinion, have solemnly declared that matters in the House of Commons have now reached an unparalleled pitch of disorder, and that something must be done. This conviction took practical shape in the winter of 1882, when a special session was held in order to devise means for grappling with the growing disorder. A number of rules were then, after prolonged debate, agreed to and added to the statute-book. It was two years and a half later that Mr. Gladstone made the declaration above alluded to, lamenting the unparalleled condition of affairs which "struck a fatal blow at the liberties of debate and at the dignity of Parliament."

Mr. Gladstone's remark was wrong from him by a particular outrage. The general indictment, involving the accusation that the House of Commons has degenerated and is degenerating, reaching its lowest development in the Parliament now nearing its close, includes charges of obstruction, disregard of the authority of the chair, disorderly conduct on the part of sections of the House, and personal altercations. I will deal with these in due order, and think I shall be able to show from the pages of Hansard that the belief is, not well founded. With respect to the personal attacks to which Mr. Gladstone has during the present Parliament, and

more particularly in the current session, been subjected, his memory is short if he is inclined to believe that this is a new thing peculiar to the present Parliament. In the closing session of the Parliament of 1868 these demonstrations were not unknown. The halo which surrounded Mr. Gladstone, flushed with the overwhelming majority that returned him in 1868 to do justice to Ireland, had in the session of 1873 entirely disappeared. There were even on his own side indications of failing fealty. The Nonconformists in particular, alienated by Mr. Forster's manipulation of the Education Bill, had begun to grow restive. Mr. Miall had openly talked of withdrawing his support, and had had flung across the gangway at him from the angry premier the supplication "in Heaven's name" to take his support elsewhere, if it were not to be purchased on other terms than he dictated.

But it was in the new Parliament of 1874 that there was made apparent in organized form that discourteous personal treatment of which Mr. Gladstone complained on the 18th of May as "unparalleled." It was now the turn of the Conservatives to be jubilant. Mr. Gladstone had been hurled from his high place and Mr. Disraeli reigned in his stead. In 1873 he had been invested with the authority of supreme official position. His name was still one to conjure with throughout the constituencies, and no one could say that at the then pending general election he would not be reinstated even with added strength. But from 1874 to 1880 he was doubly discredited. He was not even leader of his own party, whom he embarrassed by his fitful coming and going, his intervals of retirement and his sudden flashing forth as the only possible leader. It was safe to assail him then (as Sir William Harcourt agreed), and the opportunity was unreservedly seized. His interposition in debate was the signal for outcries that would have disgraced a bear-garden. The new Parliament was only six weeks old when Mr. Smollet, amid a hurricane of cheers from the Conservatives, made a deliberate attack upon him, accusing him of "organizing a dissolution in secret and springing it upon the House;" of having by "unworthy, improper, and unconstitutional methods tried to seize power;" finishing up a long tirade with congratulating the House and the country that "the stratagem had recoiled on the head of the trickster." When on the 7th of May, 1877, Mr. Gladstone proposed to submit his five resolu-

tions on the Eastern question, a wrangle of two hours' duration, of which he personally bore the brunt, preceded the opportunity for commencing his speech. A year later he was literally mobbed in the division lobby by a body of from forty to fifty English Conservative gentlemen, who, coming suddenly upon him issuing from the Opposition lobby, yelled and hooted as if he were a mad dog.

These are personal experiences which seem, happily, to have faded from Mr. Gladstone's mind. Had they occurred to him, he certainly would not have felt justified in describing somewhat similar events in the current session as "unparalleled." What is quite true is that for a long period there has been no occasion when a leader of the House of Commons has been subjected to the treatment of which Mr. Gladstone pathetically complained. Mr. Disraeli was to the Liberal party an object of detestation in degree at least equal to that in which the Conservatives hold Mr. Gladstone. But there is no instance on record through the duration of his leadership of the House of Mr. Disraeli's being treated otherwise than with respect. It is true that on one occasion Major O'Gorman, excited towards midnight by reflection upon the wrongs of Ireland, made a dead set upon him; but the incident only proves the rule. Major O'Gorman was a prime favorite with the House, which was inclined to regard his pranks with indulgence. But on this occasion he was held to have sinned beyond immediate forgiveness. Yet his offence was limited to interrupting the premier with ironical cheering, an embarrassment from which Mr. Gladstone is never free when he addresses the House upon any subject. Lord Palmerston, too, whilst leader of the House was regarded with something like reverence, and Earl Russell, though not personally so acceptable to members, never had occasion to complain of discourtesy.

But if we go back to Sir Robert Peel we shall find a singularly close parallel to the circumstances under which Mr. Gladstone has, during the present Parliament, endeavored to discharge his duty as leader of the House. Certain members have fastened themselves upon him, and have succeeded in raising themselves into a position of notoriety by their persistent attacks. Sir Robert Peel, after he had owned his conversion to the free-trade principles preached by Mr. Cobden, suffered in a manner curiously similar at that time. Mr. Disraeli combined in himself

the qualities which distinguish Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, and he set himself to bait Sir Robert Peel with a relentless pertinacity which these two gentlemen have not succeeded in excelling. Instances might be multiplied from a study of Hansard in the sessions of 1842-5. One will suffice. I take it from the report of the adjourned debate on the Maynooth grant on the 11th of April, 1845. Speaking of Sir Robert Peel Mr. Disraeli said:—

I know the right hon. gentleman who introduced the Bill told us that upon this subject there were three courses open to us. I never heard the right hon. gentleman bring forward a measure without making the same confession. In a certain sense, and looking to his own position, he is right. There is the course the right hon. gentleman has left. There is the course which the right hon. gentleman is following; and there is usually the course which the right hon. gentleman ought to pursue. . . . He also tells us he always looks back to precedents; he comes with a great measure, and he always has a small precedent. He traces the steam-engine always back to the teakettle. His precedents are generally tea-kettle precedents. . . . Something has risen up in this country as potent in the political world as it has been in the landed world of Ireland. We have a great Parliamentary middleman. It is well known what a middleman is: he is the man who bamboozles one party and plunders the other, till, having obtained a position to which he is not entitled, he cries out, "Let us have no party questions, but fixity of tenure." . . . Let us in the House re-echo that which I believe to be the sovereign sentiment of this country; let us tell persons in high places that cunning is not caution, and that habitual perfidy is not high policy of State. On that ground we may all join. Let us bring to this House that which it has for so long a time past been without—the legitimate influence and salutary check of a constitutional opposition. That is what the country requires, what the country looks for. Let us do it at once in the only way in which it can be done, by dethroning the dynasty of deception, by putting an end to the intolerable yoke of Parliamentary imposture.

This is a passage which if it appeared in any newspaper of the present year as an extract from a speech by Lord Randolph Churchill delivered in the House of Commons and having Mr. Gladstone for a subject, would be unhesitatingly accepted. It is interesting to observe how closely the earlier style of Mr. Disraeli has been caught by the noble lord.

It is curious, too, to note the common holding by master and disciple of two marked peculiarities. Mr. Gladstone's "three courses" is a notorious point in

his speeches, and the present generation has come to think that it is his own. But we have Sir Robert Peel taunted with it forty years ago, just as the smaller wits on the Conservative side have any time during the past ten years made merry with it, at the expense of Mr. Gladstone. There is also a close similarity in the passion for precedents. In Mr. Gladstone's mind precedents loom in such huge disproportion that in his famous speech this session on moving the vote of credit for eleven millions he imperilled its effect by spending a quarter of an hour in reciting precedents for the particular procedure the government had adopted in introducing the vote.

The parallel between what Sir Robert Peel in his own case called "the venomous attacks" upon Mr. Gladstone and his great predecessor does not fail when we look at the House of Lords. During the Corn Law debates the prime minister was the object of constant attacks. Once Lord Western, complaining that the agriculturists had been deceived by Sir Robert Peel, brought up the Duke of Wellington in mighty wrath to give him the lie:—

The noble lord should have waited for the opportunity of stating the when and the how, and in what words my right hon. friend has deceived the public. But, my lords, I deny the fact, and as formally and as emphatically as the noble lord has stated it. I say it is not true, and that's the end of it.

Another charge brought against the present Parliament in proof of its degeneracy is in the matter of obstruction. It is quite true that it has seen the birth of a system of organized obstruction which has to a considerable extent paralyzed its energies. But as far as it is charged with special failure in this matter the accusation is refuted by a fact within the memory of any one having even elementary knowledge of recent Parliamentary history. It was in the last Parliament that obstruction reared its head. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar are the possession of the Parliament of 1874, the legacy to the Parliament of 1880. But though it is to the credit, or otherwise, of the Irish members that they have reduced obstruction to a fine art, they cannot claim to be inventors of the Parliamentary weapon. We had our all-night sittings in the last Parliament, and have improved upon them in the early sessions of the present one.

But though a great hubbub was made about them in 1877 they were by no means the first. During the Reform de-

bate of 1831, obstruction, at least on one occasion, reached the stage of an all-night sitting. This happened on the 12th of July, 1831, when the House of Commons was faced by the proposal to go into committee to consider the Reform Bill. The House divided again and again on the alternative motions that "Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair," and that "the House do now adjourn." Beginning at the usual hour on Tuesday the House adjourned at half past seven in the morning on Wednesday. Sir Charles Wetherell was the Parnell of the period, and it is reported of him that his natural triumph at thus resisting Reform was tempered by the discovery on leaving the House in the early morning that it was raining heavily. "By G—," he exclaimed, pulling up his trousers to meet his waistcoat, "if I had known this they should have had a few more divisions."

Sir Charles, I may add in illustration of the personal manners of these lamented days, had a strong aversion to wearing braces. The consequence was that when he addressed the House in his excited manner there gradually became visible a broadening interval of white showing between his waistcoat and his trousers. Some one mentioning this to the speaker, the right honorable gentleman said, "Yes, that's Wetherell's only lucid interval."

It is, however, not necessary to go back as far as the Reform debates to find examples of obstruction. Mr. James Lowther and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck would be able to supply many instances from their experience of the Parliament of 1868 in the debates on the Irish Church Bill and the Irish Land Bill.

It is further charged against the present Parliament that the authority of the chair has declined, and that therefore has become possible a series of personal altercations and a succession of scenes unknown in former days. This also is a charge that will not survive reference to authenticated records. In the very earliest days of the first Parliament summoned by Queen Victoria, the speaker was so far driven to despair by the unruly conduct of the House that he declared from the chair that if such a scene were repeated he would have no option but to resign. The debate arose on a motion by Mr. Smith O'Brien challenging the legality of a public subscription set on foot to defray the cost of petitions against Irish members—an incident which, by the way, testifies that there is nothing new in the strong personal feeling which now exists through-

out Great Britain against some of the more prominent of the Irish members.

It was in the course of this debate, and on the night after the speaker had forlornly threatened to resign, that Mr. Disraeli made his maiden speech. We have had in the present Parliamentary scenes of uproar where an undesirable member has persisted in inflicting a speech on an unwilling audience. But a brief passage from the report of Mr. Disraeli's speech will bring the scene of tumult vividly before the mind of the reader:—

I stand here to-night, sir, not formally, but in some degree virtually, the representative of a considerable number of Members of Parliament. (Bursts of laughter.) Now, why smile? (Continued laughter.) Why envy me? (Here the laughter became long and general.) Why should not I have a tale to unfold to-night? (Roars of laughter.) Do you forget that band of 153 members, these ingenuous and inexperienced youths to whose unsophisticated minds the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in those tones of winning pathos—(Excessive laughter and loud cries of "Question!") Now a considerable misconception exists in the minds of many Members on this side of the House as to the conduct of Her Majesty's Government with respect to these elections, and I wish to remove it. I will not twit the noble lord opposite with opinions which are not ascribable to him or to his more immediate supporters, but which were expressed by the more popular section of his party some few months back. About that time, sir, when the bell of our cathedral announced the death of the monarch—(laughter)—we all read then, sir—(groans and cries of "Oh!")—we all then read—(laughter and great interruption)—

I have ventured, in support of my theory that there is nothing new in modern demonstrations of Parliamentary life, and even that in some individual cases there is a curiously exact reproduction of personal traits, to liken Mr. Disraeli's denunciation of Sir Robert Peel to some of Lord Randolph Churchill's attacks upon Mr. Gladstone. Members of the House of Commons privileged to hear Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's earlier speeches, and to note his reception by the House, will find their minds recalled to these occasions not only by the reception Mr. Disraeli was reported to have met with in the delivery of his maiden speech, but in the tone and character of the speech itself.

There have been times, more especially in the last Parliament, when Mr. Parnell has stood pale and passionate before an angry House of Commons, shouting defiance at it in occasional lulls in the storm. That was very shocking, bringing the level

of the House of Commons down to the lowest point reached by a vestry. But here is O'Connell addressing the House of Commons on the 14th of May, 1838:—

Shall Ireland [he asked] be governed by a section? (Vehement shouts from the Opposition.) I thank you — (noise renewed) — for that shriek. Many a shout of insolent domination — (noise) — despicable and contemptible as it is — (noise) — have I heard against my country. (Uproar continued, during which Mr. O'Connell, with uplifted fist and great violence of manner, uttered several sentences which were inaudible in the gallery. The Speaker was at last obliged to interfere and call the House to order.) Let them shout. It is a senseless yell. It is the spirit of the party that has placed you there. Ireland will hear your shrieks. (Continued uproar.) Yes, you may want us again. (Roars of laughter.) What would Waterloo have been if we had not been there? (Ministerial cheers and Opposition laughter.)

A great feature in the present Parliament, one which has added strength to the general opinion of its degeneracy, has been the scenes occasioned by the attempts of Mr. Bradlaugh to take his seat whilst declared disqualified to take the oath. But that is not any newer than the personal attacks upon the leader of the House or the all-night sittings. On the 18th of July, 1851, Mr. Salomons, having been elected for Greenwich, presented himself at the table to take his seat. Mr. Salomons was a Jew and naturally declined to repeat the words then contained in the oath — “upon the true faith of a Christian.” The speaker ordered him to withdraw, just as Sir Henry Brand ordered Mr. Bradlaugh to retire. Mr. Salomons, instead of obeying the order, walked over to the benches, took his seat — just as Mr. Bradlaugh did — and, just as in 1880 a section of the House cheered Mr. Bradlaugh and the majority yelled and howled, so on this July day, thirty-four years ago, a tempest of shouting and cheering filled the House whilst the unworn member for Greenwich remained seated. The parallel is further established by the fact that when the leader of the House was asked if the government intended to take proceedings against Mr. Salomons, Lord John Russell replied that they had no such intention.

On the 21st of July Mr. Salomons again attempted to take his seat — just as Mr. Bradlaugh renewed his attempt. An amendment was moved declaring that, being duly elected, he was entitled to fulfil the functions of a member, a motion defeated by two hundred and twenty-nine

votes to eighty-one. Mr. Salomons voted — as did Mr. Bradlaugh — in two divisions. The speaker directed the sergeant-at-arms to remove him, the sergeant touched him on the shoulder and he retired — all this through a scene of noisy excitement. In reading this we seem to be turning over the pages of the Parliamentary reports of the sessions of 1880 and 1881.

A further and last illustration of Parliamentary manners in the early part of the present reign is to be found in the forgotten incident of Mr. Horsman's duel with Mr. Bradshaw. Mr. Bradshaw was Tory member for Canterbury, and at a meeting of his constituents thus discussed affairs in Parliament:—

The Prime Minister [he says] tells us with rare effrontery that it is his duty to get support wherever he can. Nothing is too low or too foul for his purpose. The stew of the Tower Hamlets and the bogs of Ireland are ransacked for recruits; and thus he crawls on, having cast behind him every feeling of honor and high principle. But his sheet-anchor is the body of Irish papists and rapparees whom the priests return to the House of Commons. . . . Yet on these men are bestowed the countenance and support of the Queen of Protestant England. But alas! her Majesty is Queen only of a faction, and is as much of a partisan as the Lord Chancellor himself.

Mr. Horsman, addressing his constituents a short time after, retorted that “Mr. Bradshaw has the tongue of a traitor, but lacks the courage to become a rebel.” After this interchange of amenities there seemed no alternative but the flow of blood. A meeting was accordingly arranged, and took place at Wormwood Scrubs. No one was hurt, and Mr. Bradshaw having apologized for the reference to the queen, her Majesty's self-constituted champion declared himself satisfied and the matter ended.

Whilst I contend, with the support of these reminiscences, which might be indefinitely extended, that in respect of personal manners the House of Commons to-day is no worse than any summoned during the past half-century, manners in the House of Lords have decidedly improved. What would be thought of a conversation like the following taking place in the House of Lords at the present day? It occurred during the Reform debates in the session of 1832 on the question of the enfranchisement of Oldham. Lord Kenyon declared that the Reform Bill would be the destruction of the monarchy, and affirmed that Earl

Grey's conduct in forcing the measure upon his reluctant sovereign was abandoned and atrocious : —

Earl Grey (interrupting, with great warmth, and amid vehement cheering) : Atrocious, my lords? I put it to your lordships, Is it consistent with the usages of this House, or with ordinary propriety, that the noble lord should apply such words to me? For my part I can only reject the words with contempt and scorn.

Lord Kenyon : I repeat that I think such conduct most abandoned and atrocious. Whether the noble lord be pleased or not with my using the word atrocious, the privileges of the House have not been abrogated to such an extent that the noble earl can prevent me from saying that I shall always feel that it was the most atrocious act of the Minister to give such advice to the King.

Earl Grey : Anything more unparliamentary, disorderly, and atrocious than the applying of such words to me I never heard in this House. It is for the House to act as may seem befitting its own dignity; but for me, all that remains to me is to throw back those words with scorn, contempt, and indignation.

Lord Brougham was a kind of hand-grenade, warranted to go off at all kinds of unexpected periods. An innocent interjection by Lord Melbourne whilst Lord Brougham was speaking, in the session of 1837, on the increase of the grant to the Duchess of Kent, brought forth a torrent of sarcastic vituperation. Lord Brougham confessed that he was but rude in speech, and but ill versed in terms of courtly etiquette. His noble friend had so much more recently been accustomed to the language of the court than he had, was so much more of the courtier, his tongue was so well hung and framed and attuned to courtly airs, he was so much better acquainted with the motions of those who glozed and fawned and bent the knee in courts, that he could not presume for a moment to compete with the noble viscount in such matters, or pretend to anything like the same accurate knowledge of courtly phraseology. He, however, knew the difference between a queen-mother and the mother of a queen, perhaps, as well as the noble viscount. Lord Melbourne replied that he did not understand anything about hanging a tongue with reference to this matter; but this he would say, and he begged his noble and learned friend to understand, that when he spoke of gloze and flattery and bending the knee, he knew no man in this country, be he who he might, who could more gloze and flatter and bend the knee than his noble and learned friend, and he felt totally unable to compete with

him when he had an opportunity or when he found any occasion to exercise it. Lord Brougham retorted that he had said nothing about hanging a tongue, — and so on. This is more like the famous quarrel between Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig than anything known to the present Chamber.

Turning over the pages of Hansard, we find two years later Lords Lansdowne and Lyndhurst having a terrible quarrel. Lord Lansdowne accused Lord Lyndhurst of "making an alien's speech," and great uproar followed, in which Lord Brougham naturally appeared, and in the course of his speech gave the following remarkable testimony to the ordinary course of things in the House. Accused of being out of order, he said : "We have been out of order, no doubt, but not more disorderly than we have been every other night of the session." This, coming from the lips of so high an authority, cannot be disputed.

It is no new thing to hear the House of Commons of the day denounced as worse by comparison with those that have preceded it. There may have been great men before Agamemnon, but the natural tendency of mankind is to believe there have been none since. "When will you see another Canning?" Mr. Disraeli exclaimed in the House of Commons in the course of the adjourned debate on the Coercion Bill (for there were Coercion Bills in those days) on the 12th of June, 1846 — "a man who ruled this House as a high-bred steed. The temper of the House is not now as spirited as it was then, and I am not surprised that the vulture rules where once the eagle reigned." Mr. Smollet, for his part, speaking of the House of Commons of 1868, scornfully dismissed it as "an assembly of soap-boilers." The precise meaning of this is vague, as was much of Mr. Smollet's vituperation, but its meaning is clear — that, as compared with others, the Parliament of the day showed a woful falling off.

I submit, by the irrefragable proof of citation from the records of Parliament that have gone before, that the one now closing is not, in the point upon which Mr. Gladstone especially challenged it, worse than its predecessors; nor need it fear comparison in any other respect. It truly has not brought to the front any conspicuous luminary. It has not, as far as ordinary observation can discern, given birth to a Fox, a Gladstone, a Pitt, a Peel, or a Disraeli. Its most notable personal

incident is the growth of Lord Randolph Churchill from the position of a free-lance to that of a recognized power in the State. It has also witnessed the consolidation of the power of Mr. Parnell, one of the most remarkable episodes in Parliamentary history. Here is a man who makes no visible effort to secure the allegiance of his party, who is rarely in his place, who is not always to be found by his most intimate colleagues, who makes no attempt to conciliate friendship, but who nevertheless not only maintains but has strengthened his personal supremacy. The growth in power of Mr. Chamberlain, and the steady but never surprising advance of Sir Charles Dilke in the confidence of the House and the esteem of the country, also date from the present Parliament.

One other matter peculiar to this Parliament is the breaking up of a strong coherent party, formally known as "the party below the gangway." It is a significant thing that it has never been found necessary to distinguish on which side of the House sits the independent party "below the gangway." Since the conversion of Sir Robert Peel on the question of free trade there has never been a Conservative party below the gangway. It was then created by Mr. Disraeli under the leadership of Lord George Bentinck, and, having served its turn, disappeared from politics. What is known in the present Parliament as the fourth party is not, in the true sense of the word, a below-the-gangway party. As was shown on the Irish Education Bill in 1873, and as has been witnessed on many less critical occasions, the Liberal party below the gangway have not hesitated to oppose their own leaders, even when the result might be to give the battle into the hands of their political opponents. The fourth party have never done that. They have harried their hapless leaders on matters of detail, and have done their best to bring them into personal disrepute. But when the interests of the party have been at stake, and a pitched battle has been arranged, Lord Randolph Churchill and his followers have voted with the Conservative party. There has been much evidence of disunion in the Conservative ranks since 1880, but it has been the bewilderment of a headless mob rather than the mutiny of a disciplined party. There

has been no lack of inclination to follow; what has been wanting has been ability to lead.

In this respect also we find that repetition of the current of events which a close study of Parliamentary history will show to be customary and apparently inevitable. The Opposition in the present Parliament have not been less distraught than were the Opposition in the last. It was the same cry then as now. The Liberal Opposition of 1874-80 were always quarrelling among themselves, and, amid a division of personal allegiance, followed no one in particular. One night, during a crisis in foreign politics, there appeared on the paper a cloud of notices from the Liberal side challenging the foreign policy of the government. Mr. Mitchell Henry, desiring to bring business to the level of an ordinary railway meeting, "respectfully asked the leaders of the Opposition to state what course they intended to take, and so relieve private members from the uncertainty under which they labored." Hereupon rose a jubilant cry of "Which leader?" This was in 1877, and the incident throws a flash of light upon the state of affairs with the Opposition in the fourth year of Mr. Disraeli's ministry. The Liberal party in the House of Commons never settled this question of which leader. It was decided for them by the people; and it was only when they were—somewhat unwillingly, to tell the truth—forced back under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone that Lord Beaconsfield was shaken on his throne.

Standing at the parting of the ways, watching the dying moments of the unreformed Parliament, and looking forward with hope to one which, representing in fuller degree the people, will carry on the great work accomplished since the era of reformed Parliaments began, it seems fitting to endeavor to relieve an old friend from charges thoughtlessly, or with imperfect knowledge, brought against it. A Parliament that has abolished flogging in the army, amended the game laws, reformed the burial laws, stormed the long-defended citadel of mediæval bankruptcy law, relieved genius of the trammels of the patent laws, passed an Irish Land Bill, and carried the largest measure of electoral reform ever attempted, surely deserves well of its country.

HENRY W. LUCY.

From Chambers' Journal.
A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"SHE thinks I am fanciful," he said.

He was sitting with Lady Markham in the room which was her special sanctuary. She did not call it her boudoir; she was not at all inclined to *boudoir*; but it answered to that retirement in common parlance. Those who wanted to see her alone, to confide in her, as many people did, knocked at the door of this room. It opened with a large window upon the lawn, and looked down through a carefully kept opening upon the sea. Amid all the little luxuries appropriate to my lady's chamber, you could see the biggest ships in the world pass across the gleaming foreground, shut in between two *massifs* of laurel, making a delightful confusion of the great and the small, which was specially pleasant to her. She sat, however, with her back to this pleasant prospect, holding up a screen, to shade her delicate cheek from the bright little fire, which, though April was far advanced, was still thought necessary so near the sea. Claude had thrown himself into another chair in front of the fireplace. No warmth was ever too much for him. There was the usual pathos in his tone, but a faint consciousness of something amusing was in his face.

"Did she?" said Lady Markham with a laugh. "The little impertinent! But you know, my dear boy, that is what I have always said."

"Yes—it is quite true. You healthy people, you are always of opinion that one can get over it if one makes the effort; and there is no way of proving the contrary but by dying, which is a strong step."

"A very strong step—one, I hope, that you will not think of taking. They are both very sincere, my girls, though in a different way. They mean what they say; and yet they do not mean it, Claude. That is, it is quite true; but does not affect their regard for you, which, I am sure, without implying any deeper feeling, is strong."

He shook his head a little. "Dear Lady Markham," he said, "you know if I am to marry, I want, above all things, to marry a daughter of yours."

"Dear boy!" she said, with a look full of tender meaning.

"You have always been so good to me, since ever I can remember. But what am I to do if they—object? Constance—

has run away from me, people say: run away—to escape *me*!" His voice took so tragically complaining a tone that Lady Markham bit her lip and held her screen higher to conceal her smile. Next moment, however, she turned upon him with a perfectly grave and troubled face.

"Dear Claude!" she cried, "what an injustice to poor Con. I thought I had explained all that to you. You have known all along the painful position I am in with their father, and you know how impulsive she is. And then, Markham—Alas," she continued with a sigh, "my position is very complicated, Claude. Markham is the best son that ever was; but you know I have to pay a great deal for it."

"Ah!" said Claude; "Nelly Winterbourn and all that," with a good many sage nods of his head.

"Not only Nelly Winterbourn—there is no harm in her, that I know—but he has a great influence with the girls. It was he who put it into Constance's head to go to her father. I am quite sure it was. He put it before her that it was her duty."

"O—oh!" Claude made this very English comment with the doubtful tone which it expresses; and added, "Her duty!" with a very unconvinced air.

"He did so, I know. And she was so fond of adventure and change. I agreed with him partly afterwards that it was the best thing that could happen to her. She is finding out by experience what banishment from society and from all that makes life pleasant, is. I have no doubt she will come back—in a very different frame of mind."

Claude did not respond, as perhaps Lady Markham expected him to do. He sat and dandled his leg before the fire, not looking at her. After some time, he said in a reflective way: "Whoever I marry, she will have to resign herself to banishment, as you call it—that has been always understood. A warm climate in winter—and to be ready to start at any moment."

"That is always understood—till you get stronger," said Lady Markham in the gentlest tone. "But you know I have always expected that you would get stronger. Remember, you have been kept at home all this year—and you are better; at all events, you have not suffered."

"Had I been sent away, Constance would have remained at home," he said. "I am not speaking out of irritation, but only to understand it fully. It is not as if I were finding fault with Constance; but

you see for yourself she could not stand me all the year round. A fellow who has always to be thinking about the thermometer is trying."

"My dear boy," said Lady Markham, "everything is trying. The thermometer is much less offensive than most things that men care for. Girls are brought up in that fastidious way; you all like them to be so, and to think they have refined tastes, and so forth; and then you are surprised when you find they have a little difficulty — Constance was only fanciful, that was all — impatient."

"Fanciful," he repeated. "That was what the little one said. I wish she were fanciful, and not so horribly well and strong."

"My dear Claude," said Lady Markham quickly, "you would not like that at all! A delicate wife is the most dreadful thing — one that you would always have to be considering; who could not perhaps go to the places that suited you; who would not be able to go out with you when you wanted her. I don't insist upon a daughter of mine; but not that, not that, for your own sake, my dear boy!"

"I believe you are right," he said with a look of conviction. "Then I suppose the only thing to be done is to wait for a little and see how things turn out. There is no hurry about it, you know."

"Oh, no hurry!" she said with uneasy assent. "That is, if you are not in a hurry," she added after a pause.

"No, I don't think so. I am rather enjoying myself, I think. It always does one good," he said, getting up slowly, "to come and have it out with you."

Lady Markham said "Dear boy!" once more, and gave him her hand, which he kissed; and then his audience was over. He went away; and she turned round to her writing-table to the inevitable correspondence. There was a little cloud upon her forehead so long as she was alone; but when another knock came at the door it cleared by magic as she said "Come in." This time it was Sir Thomas who appeared. He was a tall man, with gray hair, and had the air of being very carefully brushed and dressed. He came in and seated himself where Claude had been, but pushed back the chair from the fire.

"Don't you think," he said, "that you keep your room a little too warm?"

"Claude complained that it was cold — it is difficult to please everybody."

"Oh, Claude. I have come to speak to you, dear Lady Markham, on a very differ-

ent subject. I was talking to Frances last night."

"So I perceived. And what do you think of my little girl?"

"You know," he said with some solemnity, "the hopes I have always entertained that some time or other our dear Waring might be brought among us once more."

"I have always told you," said Lady Markham, "that no difficulties should be raised by me."

"You were always everything that is good and kind," said Sir Thomas. "I was talking to his dear little daughter last night. She reminds me very much of Waring, Lady Markham."

"That is odd; for everybody tells me — and indeed I can see it myself — that she is like me."

"She is very like you; still she reminds me of her father more than I can say. I do think we have in her the instrument — the very instrument that is wanted. If he is ever to be brought back again —"

"Which I doubt," she said, shaking her head.

"Don't let us doubt. With perseverance, everything is to be hoped; and here we have in our very hands what I have always looked for — some one devoted to him and very fond of you."

"Is she very fond of me?" said Lady Markham. Her face softened — a little moisture crept into her eyes. "Ah, Sir Thomas, I wonder if that is true. She was very much moved by the idea of her mother — a relation she had never known. She expected I don't know what, but more, I am sure, than she has found in me. Oh, don't say anything. I am scarcely surprised; I am not at all displeased. To come with your heart full of an ideal, and to find an ordinary woman — a woman in society!" The moisture enlarged in Lady Markham's eyes, not tears, but yet a liquid mist that gave them pathos. She shook her head, looking at him with a smile.

"We need not argue the question," said Sir Thomas; "for I know she is very fond of you. You should have heard her stop me, when she thought I was going to criticise you. Of course, had she known me better, she would have known how impossible that was."

Lady Markham did not say "Dear Sir Thomas!" as she had said "Dear boy!" but her look was the same as that which she had turned upon Claude. She was in no doubt as to what his account of her would be.

"She can persuade him, if anybody can," he said. "I think I shall go and see him as soon as I can get away—if you do not object. To bring our dear Waring back, to see you two together again, who have always been the objects of my warmest admiration——"

"You are too kind. You have always had a higher opinion of me than I deserve," she said. "One can only be grateful. One cannot try to persuade you that you are mistaken. As for my—husband"—there was the slightest momentary pause before she said the name—"I fear you will never get him to think so well of me as you do. It is a great misfortune; but still it sometimes happens that other people think more of a woman than—her very own."

"You must not say that. Waring adored you."

She shook her head again. "He had a great admiration," she said, "for a woman to whom he gave my name. But he discovered that it was a mistake; and for me in my own person he had no particular feeling. Think a little whether you are doing wisely. If you should succeed in bringing us two together again——"

"What then?"

She did not say any more: her face grew pale—paled, it were better to say, as by a sudden touch or breath. When such a tie as marriage is severed, if by death, if by any other separation, it is not a light thing to renew it again. The thought of that possibility—which yet was not a possibility—suddenly realized, sent the blood back to Lady Markham's heart. It was not that she was unforgiving, or even that she had not a certain remainder of love for her husband. But to resume those habits of close companionship after so many years—to give up her own individuality, in part, at least, and live a dual life—this thought startled her. She had said that she would put no difficulties in the way. But then she had not thought of all that was involved.

The next visitor who interrupted her retirement came in without the preliminary of knocking. It was Markham who thus made his appearance, presenting himself to the full daylight in his light clothes and colorless aspect; not very well dressed, a complete contrast to the beautiful if sickly youth of her first visitor, and the size and vigor of the other. Markham had neither beauty nor vigor. Even the usual keenness and humorous look had gone out of his face. He held a letter in his hand. He did not, like the

others, put himself into the chair where Lady Markham, herself turned from the light, could mark every change of countenance in her interlocutor. He went up to the fire with the ease of the master of the house, and stood in front of it as an Englishman loves to do. But he was not quite at his ease on this occasion. He said nothing until he had assumed this place, and even stood for a whole minute or more silent before he found his voice. Lady Markham had turned her chair towards him at once, and sat with her head raised and expectant, watching him. For with Markham, never very reticent of his words, this prolonged pause seemed to mean that there was something important to say. But it did not appear when he spoke. He put the forefinger of one hand on the letter he held in the other. "I have heard from the Winterbourns," he said. "They are coming to-morrow."

Lady Markham made the usual little exclamation "Oh!"—faintly breathed with the slightest catch, as if it might have meant more. Then, after a moment: "Very well, Markham: they can have their usual rooms," she said.

Again there was a little pause. Then: "He is not very well," said Markham.

"Oh! that is a pity," she replied with very little concern.

"That's not strong enough. I believe he is rather ill. They are leaving the Crosslands sooner than they intended because there's no doctor there."

"Then it is a good thing," said Lady Markham, "that there is such a good doctor here. We are so healthy a party, he is quite thrown away on us."

Markham did not find that his mother divined what he wanted to say with her usual promptitude. "I am afraid Winterbourn is in a bad way," he said at length, moving uneasily from one foot to the other, and avoiding her eye.

"Do you mean that there is anything serious—dangerous? Good heavens!" cried Lady Markham, now fully roused, "I hope she is not going to bring that man to die here."

"That's just what I have been thinking. It would be decidedly awkward."

"Oh, awkward is not the word," cried Lady Markham, with a sudden vision of all the inconveniences: her pretty house turned upside down—though it was not hers, but his—a stop put to everything—the flight of her guests in every direction—herself detained and separated from all her social duties. "You take it very coolly," she said. "You must write and

say it is impossible in the circumstances."

"Can't," said Markham. "They must have started by this time. They are to travel slowly—to husband his strength."

"To husband—Telegraph, then! Good heavens, Markham, don't you see what a dreadful nuisance—how impossible in every point of view."

"Come," he said, with a return of his more familiar tone. "There's no evidence that he means to die here. I dare say he won't, if he can help it, poor beggar! The telegraph is as impossible as the post. We are in for it, mammy. Let's hope he'll pull through."

"And if he doesn't, Markham!"

"That will be—more awkward still," he said. Markham was not himself: he shuffled from one foot to another, and looked straight before him, never glancing aside with those keen looks of understanding which made his insignificant countenance interesting. His mother was, what mothers too seldom are, his most intimate friend; but he did not meet her eye. His hands were thrust into his pockets, his shoulders up to his ears. At last a faint and doubtful gleam broke over his face. He burst into a sudden chuckle, one of those hoarse, brief notes of laughter which were peculiar to him. "By jove! it would be poetic justice," he said.

Lady Markham showed no inclination to laughter. "Is there nothing we can do?" she cried.

"Think of something else," said Markham with a sudden recovery. "I always find that the best thing to do—for the moment. What was Claude saying to you—and t'other man?"

"Claude! I don't know what he was saying. News like this is enough to drive everything else out of one's head. He is wavering between Con and Frances."

"Mother, I told you. Frances will have nothing to say to him."

"Frances—will obey the leading of events, I hope."

"Poor little Fan! I don't think she will, though. That child has a great deal in her. She shows her parentage."

"Sir Thomas says she reminds him much of her—father," Lady Markham said with a faint smile.

"There is something of Waring too," said her son, nodding his head.

This seemed to jar upon the mother. She changed color a little; and then added, her smile growing more constrained: "He thinks she may be a powerful instrument in—changing his mind—bringing him, after all these years,

back"—here she paused a little, as if seeking for a phrase; then added, her smile growing less and less pleasant—"to his duty."

Then Markham for the first time looked at her. He had been paying but partial attention up to this moment, his mind being engrossed with difficulties of his own; but he awoke at this suggestion, and looked at her with something of his usual keenness, but with a gravity not at all usual. And she met his eye with an awakening in hers which was still more remarkable. For a moment they thus contemplated each other, not like mother and son, nor like the dear and close friends they were, but like two antagonists suddenly perceiving, on either side, the coming conflict. For almost the first time there woke in Lady Markham's mind a consciousness that it was possible her son, who had been always her champion, her defender, her companion, might wish her out of his way. She looked at him with a rising color, with all her nerves thrilling, and her whole soul on the alert for his next words. These were words which he would have preferred not to speak; but they seemed to be forced from his lips against his will, though even as he said them he explained to himself that they had been in his mind to say before he knew—before the dilemma that might occur had seemed possible.

"Yes?" he said. "I understand what he means. I—even I—had been thinking that something of the sort—might be a good thing."

She clasped her hands with a quick, passionate movement. "Has it come to this—in a moment—without warning?" she cried.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MARLBOROUGH.

THE old town of Marlborough and the school which now carries its name into every quarter of the globe are unquestionably under great mutual obligations to each other. The former has to thank the latter for coming to the rescue just as the collapse of coaching threatened a stagnation that would have possibly deepened into something like actual decay. The school in its turn may feel that the crudeness of its youth has been much softened by the quaint old town which, unpolluted by villa, terrace, or parade, terminates at its gates—one of the most

picturesque streets in England. Mellow-ness, too, was supplied, and tradition ready to hand in the very walls that welcomed its first scholars forty years ago; while the peculiar freshness and the wild freedom of the regions which divide it from the outer world would seem as if they were especially made for the development of youthful brain and youthful muscle. But where, after all this, the reader may remark, is Marlborough? To say that it lies in the eastern part of Wiltshire, just north of the line that divides the southern from the northern portion of the county, is rather geographically accurate than suggestive to the general reader. Moreover, I have always had an impression that Wiltshire as a county, in spite of its size and position, and in spite of "The Chronicles of Barset," has a somewhat faint hold upon the public mind. As a matter of fact, however, it is a most characteristic county. There are deep lanes in Wiltshire, it is true, where the violet and the primrose nestle round the roots of elms that later on shut out the summer sun. There are, as elsewhere, heavy, low-lying lands where big crops of mangolds grow, or in the good times used to grow, and where steam ploughs and steam harrows wrestle in wet seasons with the stubborn clods of deep clay soils. There are pasture lands, too, as fat as those of Cheshire, broken into small areas by blooming hedges and rows of elms as symmetrical as those of Warwickshire; but the Wiltshire that comes to the mind of most men, familiar with that part of England, recalls wilder and ruder scenes than these — a country rather of great distances and of swelling downs streaked with the white lines of chalk roads that go ever rising and falling till they disappear over some bleak horizon. A land where the winds riot over bleak uplands, with nothing to mark their violence but the whitening leaves of vast turnip-fields in autumn, and nothing to break their force but here and there some clump of tall and naked firs that roar and groan as if in protest of their inability to bend their stiff and shattered tops to the gale; a region of tinkling sheep-bells and of wattle hurdles; of stout hares that run forever, and of partridges that ignore all conventional limits of flight; of yokels not yet wholly "unsmocked," whose gait and accent in these levelling days are a delight to see and hear, and of red-roofed gabled boroughs that the tide of progress has left untouched, as it has left few other parts of accessible England untouched, to stand

as monuments of a time gone by. Nor in recording Wiltshire memories, either, would it be possible to forget those huge relics of a prehistoric age — those grass-grown mounds and giant stones that lie scattered over the land with a thickness that has no parallel elsewhere in England. Nor yet again would the picture be complete if we forgot those rich green valleys that here and there break the long monotony of down land, where in summertime the perpetual scent of hay-fields hangs among the elms that shoot up tall from the alluvial soil, and where clear, willow-bordered streams, famous in Waltonian lore, steal down from hamlet to hamlet and from mill to mill.

It is in one of these green oases in the very heart of the down country that Marlborough lies. To put it more plainly: as the traveller upon the Great Western Railroad approaches Swindon, he will see upon his left hand a long bank of downs bounding for many miles the southern horizon. On leaving Swindon, a place whose reputation as a busy workshop is forgotten in its wider associations of sand-wiches and bath buns, this high rampart of hills will be seen to abandon the course of the railroad and to trend away to the south-west. This is the high step by which the Marlborough downs drop into the valley of the Thames, and when the traveller's eye lights upon a solitary clump of firs, crowning what seems to be their loftiest crest, it will have struck a point that is "within measurable distance" of the town itself; for that crest of pines is popularly known in Marlborough as the "six-mile clump." The face of the down once scaled at this point, a two hours' walk through a wild region, haunted only by sheep and shepherds, brings you to that dip in the hills where, on the banks of the Kennet, the ancient borough stands.

Marlborough, from its isolated position in the midst of a thinly peopled and purely agricultural or pastoral region, has been long in emerging from a state, so far as railroads go, of total inaccessibility to a condition of communications that is at least of an average description.

Twenty-five years ago, and twenty after the founding of the school, no railway whistle was heard within a radius of a dozen miles. In those scarcely remote days, all travellers from the west, and most of those from London, found themselves on the platform of Swindon station, with thirteen miles of hilly road yet between them and their destination. Here, it is true, the more exclusive passenger

of those days with some patience and perseverance might procure an ancient fly, that, for a consideration commensurate with the task, would undertake the expedition. To the initiated, however, there was known to be an element of adventure in this course; for, if the horses and the vehicle were equal to the strain, there was always a doubt whether the moral principles of the driver were proof against that line of public houses which from point to point almost alone lit up the chilly solitude of his way.

There was, moreover, if memory serves me right, a traditional dog-cart, which many a rash, unwary traveller lived to curse, as with the fall of a winter night he mounted the downs and faced the bleakest drive in southern England. But what Marlburian of that epoch, whether schoolboy or citizen, is there who does not connect it with one immortal name? Who is there that could recall that period, between the collapse of coaching and the tardy advent of the steam horse upon the Marlborough downs, without a tear of tribute for that illustrious worthy who for so long maintained the connection between the ancient borough and the outer world?

Historic Marlborough, as we shall presently show, commences with the name of King John. It may be said to terminate with that of "Jerry 'Ammond," whose purple-faced lieutenant's "Be you for Maarlborough, zur?" has cheered many a lonely heart gazing helplessly into the darkness from the railway stations of Swindon, Hungerford, or Devizes.

How well I can recall the venerable omnibus that painfully but regularly crawled over the thirteen hilly miles to Swindon in the morning and back again to Marlborough in the darkness of the night. The sensations of a ride in that primeval chariot come vividly back to me from a time in life when hours seemed to be days and miles leagues. How hopeless then the look of the distant downs, fast settling into the gloom of a winter's night — thrice murky perhaps with storms of driving rain. How reassured and close to the goal one used to feel for a deceptive moment as the familiar voice and accents beckoned us, "This way for Maarlborough; any loogidge, zur?" How hope again grew cold, and the long miles in anticipation longer, as the lights of the train vanished into the darkness, and the vehicles for Swindon town disappeared, one after the other, with their loads of commercial travellers intent on smoking

suppers. How we sat and sat on the well-worn seats of the omnibus, kicking our heels upon the straw-strewn floor, long in to the night as it used to seem, till the sense of desertion, intensified by the drear beating of the rain against the windows and occasional hollow echoes from the now empty station, was terminated by the advent of the "loogidge." What "Oh lawkeses!" and "Lord a' mussys!" used to be forced from the inevitable old lady passengers, as each trunk was hurled on to the roof with a crash upon our very crowns, as it seemed, that might well have made the stoutest heart quail. And when that fearful performance was over, when the tarpaulin was stretched upon the towering pile, and we were congratulating ourselves, or one another, that the expedition was in the act of setting out — just as our hopes, in fact, were wrought up to the highest pitch of expectation — there would come an ominous slam of the inn door. The gin-laden stream of light that had shone upon us from that festive haunt would become on a sudden quenched. The suspicion that we were abandoned by our crew ripened into a certainty, and as the slow minutes dragged on, we began to realize that we were in the power of a monopolist to whom time, at this end of his journey at any rate, was of little moment. What survivor of those long night rides to Marlborough does not recall their weary details? The long drag from Swindon town to the summit of the far-away downs; the slow transition from the heavy, grinding roads of the valley to where the sticky chalk highway shone white in our track on the darkest of nights; the gradual cessation of the hedgerow trees that passed, one by one, in endless procession, across the disc of our lanterns, seen glistening with raindrops for a moment and then vanishing into the gloom; the final tug up to the crest of the downs, when the steam from the horses floated like clouds of smoke across the lantern's rays; the groans of the laboring caravan as at last it lumbered forward with an energy all too brief on to the wild plateau, where no tree or hedgerow caught our light, and no roadside house but some isolated tavern, where the mere force of habit brought the steaming horses to an invariable halt. What spots were those wan-faced houses of good cheer upon such nights as these! None of your fine old coaching inns, but poor, thatch-roofed, weather-beaten public, where melancholy ploughmen from the downs might be imagined sadly shak-

ing their heads over sugared small beer and the rate of wages, on Saturday nights, to the music of the storms without. On such occasions they were quite capable of suggesting to the youthful mind more dismal scenes even than these; for as their faded sign-boards swung to and fro in the night wind, creaking on rusty hinges, they might without much effort of fancy have seemed to echo the stifled groans of some entrapped wayfarer with the knuckles of a wicked landlord at his throat.

Not that the average inmates of the Swindon "bus" were disturbed by such fancies as these. The old women prattled in the dark about their neighbors, and the solid burghers, returning from Swindon market, crooned over the price of barley and of ewes till the effects of the day's good cheer gradually lulled them into still more uninteresting music. The last crest was surmounted, the old shoedrag was dropped for the last time under the wheel, and down the steep street into Marlborough town we used to go at a speed unprecedented, straining and creaking and rattling past the lighted shops, and turning the sharp corner into the High Street with a recklessness that owes something, no doubt, to the frequent halts upon the road. Such was the approach to Marlborough in the year of grace 1860. The last coach that ran along the edge of the Kennet valley from Hungerford to Marlborough and on to Devizes and Bath, and woke the echoes of their streets with its cheery horn, became about that time, if I remember right, a roosting-place for fowls. Four years later Marlborough had a railway of its own, and now the traditions of the road, which clung to the town till quite lately, have been finally destroyed by a new railway from Swindon to Andover, that runs through it.

The town of Marlborough is one of those quiet old-world spots upon which the tide of modern progress has made no visible impression. Just as the pure air of the surrounding country is polluted by no smoke more noisome than that of a steam plough or a threshing machine, so the old town itself has little that would startle the shade of a Camden, or be obvious to the first gaze of a Jacobin Rip van Winkle. Nowhere, it always seems to me, is the real history of an earlier England—the history of the people as opposed to that of kings and courtiers so eloquently presented as in the bricks and stones, and lanes and churchyards and traditions, of old towns such as this—towns which, like Marlborough, have cov-

ered almost the same ground, and contained almost the same population for generations. The historical interest of Marlborough, however, is by no means merely domestic, while its prehistoric traditions are illustrious. Its very name, one of the earlier forms of which was *Merlin-berge*, justifies its claim to connection with the great enchanter, more especially as the huge prehistoric monuments of the immediate neighborhood mark it as a spot of most supreme importance in those misty times which that name recalls. From the times of the Norman Conquest, and probably even long before that, a castle of some sort stood at the end of the town in the grounds now occupied by the college. In the reign of Henry I., Marlborough Castle is first mentioned as a royal residence, that monarch on one occasion holding his court there. In the Stephen and Matilda wars Marlborough, like most of the west, held for the queen, and was more than once the headquarters of her armies. After this the castle became a favorite dower residence of the Plantagenet queens. In 1267 Henry III. held there his twenty-fourth Parliament, and enacted the "Statutes of Marleberge." It is with the reign of King John, however, that the present site of Marlborough is most intimately connected, and it is his name, and that of his queen, that are the most prominent upon the earlier pages of its history. A hospital dedicated to St. John the Baptist—transformed in the time of Edward VI. into a grammar school—traces its origin to this reign. A formerly existing priory of Gilbertine canons, with a hospital of St. Thomas of Canterbury dates from the same period, while a house of Carmelite friars was established in the reign of Edward II. It was at Wolf Hall in the immediate neighborhood of Marlborough that Henry VIII. married Jane Seymour. Her father was ranger of the royal forest of Savernake which occupied then a large slice of the country contiguous to the town. To Jane Seymour's brother, the protector Somerset, was afterwards granted the whole of the forest, and the Marlborough property as well. A small principality was then established with Marlborough as its centre, which at this day is still owned and presided over by a representative of the old Seymour family, the present Marquis of Ailesbury. The typical English squire has little place in the annals of Marlborough. Suggestive as its steep gables and quiet old streets are of his burly form we should have listened generally, I think, in

vain for his broad jests and loud laugh in the inn parlors, and in vain for the cry of his hounds upon the hills around. Farmers and corn factors, lawyers and traders, doctors and divines, lie by scores in the old disused churchyards. Kings and queens, great nobles and fine ladies, historic figures are scattered plentifully enough all through its history, but the social gap between has never been filled. The connecting link that in most places there would have been between the great house beyond the town and the burghers within it, has scarcely had an existence in the Marlborough country. Marlborough, in short, has always been without what people are pleased to call "a neighborhood," and for many miles upon every side the country — without noteworthy exceptions — still belongs to the representatives of the great protector.

In the civil war the "men of Marleberg" were ferociously Roundhead, and it was hotly besieged by the king's forces whose cannon balls to this day have left their mark on its church towers. The town was partially burned during the siege, but a few years later an accidental fire swept it almost away. "Thus," concludes a local chronicler of the time, "was the stately and flourishing town of Marleberge consumed with fire on a sudden. It would make a heart drop tears of blood that had but heard the doleful cries and heavy moans that pass between men and their wives, parents and their children." In the days when England was the Australia of Europe, and wool was its principal export, Marlborough, doubtless, as the centre of a famous sheep district had no difficulty in retaining its modest prosperity. Later on, too, when the wealth of the nation increased, and with it the desire and facilities for travel, it became a famous posting and coaching depot on the great highway which connected the metropolis with the west. There are plenty of people still living who can recall the stir and bustle, the cracking of whips, the rumbling of wheels, and the notes of coach horns that all day long, and night too, used to wake the echoes of that now quiet street.

Marlborough may be almost said to consist of that one broad highway which springing from the college gates upon the west stretches itself for half a mile towards the east along the banks of the Kennet. It is said to be the widest street in England. However that may be, the large church dedicated to St. Peter in the fifteenth century which stands at its western

end leaves ample room for the traffic of a country town to pass without inconvenience on either side. It is not only the breadth of the Marlborough High Street that at once arrests the stranger's attention, but the slope upon which it lies is so steep that rival towns which register perhaps a few more quarters of barley at their weekly markets, but are a trifle jealous maybe of the presence of the school, are wont to make huge jokes at the expense of the famous Marlborough highway. The people of Devizes, for example, are wont to declare that a bicycle is the only machine that can be driven down the street which is the pride and joy of their neighbor town without a risk of capsizing.

Marlburians, however, may regard such facetiousness with complacency, as they stand at their doors and look up the charming old street. Upon the upper side especially, the long half-mile of gabled houses are scarcely two of them alike, while for some distance they are still further set off by an old "pent house," which called forth the remarks of seventeenth-century travellers. There is nothing behind these two long rows of quaint houses that stand facing one another, so far apart and upon such different levels. The back windows of the one look on to green fields that trend upwards till they melt away in the downs. The gardens of the other slope down to where the clear, slow waters of the Kennet wind under rustic bridges and rustling poplar-trees.

At the head of the broad street there is the town hall, standing in front of the rugged and time-beaten church tower of St. Mary's. At its foot, facing the former, and occupying the same central position, the Church of St. Peter shoots its tall tower heavenwards, and still flings the notes of the curfew on winter nights far over the distant downs.

Here at the foot of the High Street, beneath this tall church tower, the town of Marlborough comes abruptly to an end. Before a high barrier of iron gates the close-built street suddenly ceases, and parts into two country roads, leading to the right and left — to Bath and the Pewsey vale respectively. Stepping through the gates, the stranger finds himself amidst that curious combination of the past and the present — of the new and the old — which to-day represents the flourishing school of Marlborough.

The large modern building that immediately overlooks the town, and first arrests, unfortunately, the stranger's gaze,

is perhaps an object rather of affectionate association than of architectural pride to Marlburians. The ivy, it is true, has long been desperately struggling to hide its homely face, and a row of tall and venerable lime-trees, which rustle their leaves above the roof, do much to atone for its artistic failings. Follow the broad gravel walk, however, a little further on, and you will forget and forgive the rash erection of 1843 in the beautiful old mansion of Inigo Jones, which rises before you, and constitutes the main building of the school—the nucleus from which it sprang.

It is not the fine old house alone, with its time-mellowed bricks, its tiled roofs, its big stacks of chimneys, and wide, sunny windows, that Marlburians recall with fond memory, but the scene also over which it looks: the soft and yielding lawns; the quaint yew-trees, cut generations ago into fantastic shapes; the noble terrace, the mossy banks, and the tall groves of elm and lime, noisy with the sound of countless rooks; the meadows, fresh and green the summer long with the waters of a hundred rushing rills; the old mill under the trees, and the lasher where the Kennet churns and foams with ceaseless sound over the heads of lusty and expectant trout; and behind all, the soft swell of the overhanging down, with its hazel thickets, dear to generations of nutters; with its honored, if not ancient, white horse, and its tinkle of innumerable sheep-bells.

If the college at Marlborough can lay no claim to an academic history such as that of Eton or Winchester, it has at least been grafted on a stem whose roots run more back beyond the reach of dim tradition, much less of history. This might be true, indeed, and yet the record and the figures it contains might be so insignificant and obscure as to fail in interest. Marlborough, however, from the present time back for centuries, generally keeps touch, in some shape, with the leading event and the noted characters of successive periods. The only obscurity into which it sinks is the obscurity that experts try in vain to pierce as they stand before those vast and silent monuments that mark it as a metropolis of some prehistoric age.

Rising above the roof of the western end of the college, and so close that it darkens the very windows, stands a gigantic tumulus. With the exception of its fellow, a few miles up the Kennet valley, this huge mysterious mound has no equal in Europe. Who shall say of what peo-

ple, of what warriors, of what mysterious rites, this gigantic work of unknown hands stands as a silent and imperishable witness? Whether a vast altar of Druidical sacrifice, or the resting-place of some mighty chief, are questions for the archaeologist who wanders with delight through this corner of Wiltshire, so incomparably rich in prehistoric relics. To the "Arcadian" age of the early Georges the Marlborough mound owes the spiral terraces which ascend its grassy sides, and probably to the same period the trees, which now give it the distant appearance of a wooded hill.

These earliest monuments of man's dominion are more enduring than the walls of masonry which heralded in the period when this spot first appears upon the page of authentic history. From the time that Marlborough Castle is first mentioned, soon after the Conquest, figures famous in history find refuge and hold state within its walls. As if, too, in derisive testimony to the change of human fortunes, a Norman keep towered high upon the summit of the British mound, and commanded the old Roman road from Cunetio—three miles east of Marlborough—to Bath, twenty-seven miles to the westward. Immediately beneath it stood the royal residence that for five centuries belonged to the crown, and for two was the frequent habitation of kings and queens. To touch upon the stirring scenes of sieges and of battles—from the arrows of the Stephen and Matilda wars, to the cannon balls of Prince Rupert—is not here possible; nor perhaps would such details be interesting to other than those who have associations with the place itself.

Times have changed. Where once upon a time a Norman dungeon descended into the depths where lay perhaps the bones of British chieftains, the exigencies of modern needs have placed a water cistern. Where the moat once ran between rows of fierce warriors, a long pool, formed by the inducted waters of the Kennet, reflects the tall limes and grassy banks of the college gardens, and in summer days resounds with the splash and shout of a hundred youthful swimmers.

Katherine Parr was the last name that connected Marlborough Castle with the reigning house. She married into the Seymour family, who then were, and whose representatives still are, the grand seigneurs of Marlborough. At this period the castle, as a fortified stronghold, disappears from history. Leland, visiting

Marlborough in 1538, says, "There is a ruin of a great castle hard at the west end of the town, whereof the dungeon tower partly yet standeth." It was to Wolf Hall, in the neighborhood of Marlborough, I have already said, that Henry VIII. — when the Tower guns proclaimed the death of Anne Boleyn — rode at post haste to his nuptials with Jane Seymour. An old barn is still in existence that is said to have witnessed the wedding ceremonies of that insatiable monarch.

Wolf Hall stands near to the present station of Savernake, between Hungerford and Devizes, and is only separated from Marlborough by the wooded dells and beech avenues of Savernake forest.

The latter, in the sixteenth century, was probably twice the size it is now, and was royal property, though even to-day it is sixteen miles in circumference. The Seymours of Wolf Hall were then comparatively obscure. They held, before the king's wedding, the "rangership" of Savernake, and their horn of office is still in the hands of their representatives, the Ailesbury family, who now own the estate which was granted in the reign of Edward VI. to the protector Somerset, the brother of the queen. In the reign of Charles II., Francis, Lord Seymour, received that monarch in the stately mansion already alluded to, which had been erected upon the ruins of the ancient castle by Inigo Jones. Of all its Seymour owners, however, none are so intimately connected with its fortunes as the well-known Countess of Hertford. The rural charms of her seat at Marlborough enraptured to ecstasy this celebrated lady, who was one of the chief exponents of the Arcadian mania that raged during the beginning of the eighteenth century. Hither came courtiers and fine ladies to pose as Strephons and Chloes, amid the green paradise where the famous countess held her court. Hither, too, came poets and authors. Dr. Watts, Pope, Thomson, were summoned to aid with their lyres in the worship of this unequalled Arcadia. The latter, his biographers tell us, took more pleasure in carousing with his lordship than in assisting her ladyship's poetical compositions. That he had, however, his lucid intervals and his romantic moods, may be inferred from the fact of his poem of "Spring" having been composed here. "Here," says that poetical *bon vivant*,

let me ascend

Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country far diffused around,

One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower

Of mingled blossoms. . . .

In bygone days a stone used to mark the spot upon the down above the College where the poet was supposed to have sat and received his inspirations. It was during this period, probably, that the wide terraces were made, and one can easily picture the dainty figures passing up and down upon them, or grouped upon the velvety banks, indulging in the astounding fiction that they were Wiltshire swains. The mill still stands silent in the foreground, whose dusty occupant stirred, according to her letters, the countess's Arcadian emotions to their very depth a century and a half ago. The sheep still bleat and cluster on the adjoining hill behind their shepherds as they did when these aforesaid tinsel shepherds enacted the cant of their day in the groves below; but times have changed. The white lines of the ubiquitous tennis court now desecrate the shadow-chequered turf, where even twenty years ago the twang of the bow and the click of the bowl used to seem so much more in keeping with the bygone age, whose memory the aspect of the spot so eloquently pleads. The grottoes and the spiral walks upon the mound, the dark shades of the overarching groves are the haunt no longer of impassioned swains, but of Marlborough prefects intent on nothing more romantic than scholarships and cricket scores.

In the reign of the second George the Marlborough manor house passed through the female line of the Seymours into the Northumberland family. Solitude now reigned in its panelled halls, and money from distant and grudging Percy coffers was required to arrest dilapidations that came rather of neglect than age. In 1753 a quaint and characteristic advertisement announced to the travelling public that the stately mansion of Inigo Jones had been opened as an hostelry. Thenceforward for nearly a century the Castle Inn at Marlborough was the favorite halting-place between London and the west, and during the latter part of that period was one of the most celebrated and best-managed coaching inns in England.

Travellers must indeed have been glad to exchange the chalky dust of the Bath road for the refreshing shades and the cool oak corridors of the old Marlborough house. There are scores of men still living who can recall the time when over forty coaches thundered daily down the now quiet street of the old town, when

the echoes of one horn had scarcely died away upon the London road when others came sounding down the roads that enter the town at its western end from the directions of Salisbury and Bath.

As coaching and posting gradually withered before the inroads of the iron horse, the future of the historic borough began to look very blue indeed; and when the Great Western Railway left Marlborough far to the south and no other lines seemed to think that the town was on the road to anywhere, certain stagnation and very probable decay stared its people in the face.

Most happily for Marlborough certain philanthropic gentlemen in London conceived about this time the then novel idea of founding a great school that should give an economic but high-class education to the sons of gentlemen and of clergymen more especially. The idea very soon took practical shape. The deserted Seymour mansion and the now lifeless town of Marlborough stood gazing blankly at one another, wondering doubtless what in the world they were to do next. Here the founders of Marlborough College saw their opportunity, and happily for all concerned seized upon it. But alas! the Seymour mansion and Castle Inn, huge as it was, could be but the nucleus of such an establishment as these well-meaning founders contemplated, and large buildings were at once and hurriedly erected at the back and on the town side of the old house.

Not all the tender associations of nearly half a century; not the most desperate attempts of perennial creepers or the frantic endeavors of modern art to relieve their blank walls with oriel windows; not the contiguous shade of the venerable limes nor the mellowing neighborhood of the old mansion house, nor the mossy lawns, nor the clipped yew-trees,—alas! not all these modifying influences can make even the most patriotic Marlburians blink those rash creations of the early founders. The exact workhouse that supplied a model for the one block, or the particular house of correction which inspired the designs of the other, has ever been a mystery. He can only look on them with mingled feelings of personal regard and vain regrets, and inwardly hope that they may with even greater celerity follow the example of their predecessor, the vanished Norman keep rather than of that other one—the imperishable mound of the Druids.

August, 1843, was a date of importance

not only to Marlborough, for I think I may say the founding of that school marked the commencement of a new departure in English higher education. The important schools of that date had grown from old foundations; but now there was about to commence an era of ready-made rivals, of which Marlborough was the first. Many of these have swept past both socially, numerically, and intellectually all but three or four of the most distinguished of their seniors, and forced some of these even to reforms that seemed almost humiliating at the time to their admirers. Rossall, Wellington, Haileybury, Malvern, and many other now prosperous and influential schools, may in some sort regard as the germ of their own existence that August day, forty-two years ago, when two hundred boys from every part of England crossed the Wiltshire downs and took possession of the old halls of the Seymours.

It is not my purpose to enlarge on that decade of turbulence and misfortune by which Marlborough bought her experience, or to dwell on the thorny, untried path through which she groped in the dark to a success that gave heart unquestionably to a host of imitators, and that I think I may say has never for a moment waned.

Those early days of trial, however, had doubtless their good uses, and taught their lesson not to Marlborough only, but, as I have said, to her younger rivals. A greater contrast in every particular between the past and the present could hardly be conceived. Indeed the survivor of those Spartan days, who now and then returns with grizzled hair from some distant clime to look upon the scene of his youthful adventures, is apt to gaze with as much scorn as bewilderment on the transformation that meets his eye.

The Marlburian of '45 is apt to belittle the civilization of '85, as the Californian "forty-niner" deploras the vanished rowdiness of the Pacific coast. Whether he be a war-scarred colonel or a respectable incumbent, it is noticed that he generally betrays a species of pride in having borne a part in an epoch of public-school life that probably has no equal for lawlessness in modern academic history. He is apt to look with a feeling something akin to contempt on the law-abiding, exemplary young man who constitutes his remote successor. He seems not unfrequently to regard with something like regret the long series of boarding-houses and masters' residences that stretch up the valley of the Kennet, and the tasteful gardens,

long shorn of their crudeness, that cover the slopes where forty years ago he used to poach hares. "Those were days, sir, in which young fellows were made hardy," he is often heard to mutter, while his eye marks with evident disapproval the flowerbeds that bloom over spots in the courtyard that in his day were sacred to dog-fights and pistol shooting. He even breathes forth a sigh of real regret as he looks fondly up at the high window ledges from which, he declares, as a small boy he used to be dangled by ropes on winter nights in the "brave days of old."

Turning once more to the town and its neighborhood one remembers that the name of Marlborough is inseparable from the great forest of Savernake, whose northern limits crown the hills immediately above the town. I have already mentioned this as the remnant of the old royal forest granted to the Seymours in the reign of Edward VI. It is, however, a great and no insignificant remnant, covering from fifteen to twenty square miles of ground. Grand avenues of immense beech-trees run for miles this way and that, crossed by green drives which lead the traveller for hours through what Monsieur de Lesseps declared to be the finest forest scenery of the kind in Europe.

Some half-a-dozen miles above the town, almost at the head of the Kennet valley, stands the gigantic tumulus of Silbury, the largest in Europe. From its summit you look down upon what is left of the scarcely less wonderful temple of Avebury. Before the once vast proportions of this ancient shrine the now more celebrated monuments of Stonehenge (twenty miles distant) shrink into an almost insignificant place. The local vandalism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which built farmhouses and paved roads with these gray veterans of unnumbered years, is minutely chronicled. The process by which the vast stones were crumbled by fire into blocks suitable for the new house of Farmer Green, or shivered into fragments for the new road to Farmer Browne's, can be read in detail by the curious.

This whole country, indeed, from Devizes to Marlborough, and from Marlborough to the fir-crowned crests that look down upon the Pewsey vale, teems with imperishable records of an unknown age. Silbury and Avebury are but the centre of a host of lesser satellites. Turn almost where you will the grass-grown mounds of those mysterious days crown the summits of the lonely hills, and grey boulders

clustered or piled in shapes uncannily lend terror in the rustic mind to many a lonely dell.

It is hard for an angler to say farewell to the banks of the Kennet without a word as to the delights of that renowned stream. I use the word "renowned," of course in reference to initiated brothers of the angle only. I feel that I have already given a somewhat formidable list of possessions which are a source of honest pride to the people of Marlborough. It would never do, however, to forget the trout, for the Kennet is accredited in the most august angling quarters with the three largest English brook trout that have been placed on record — namely, a nineteen and two seventeen pounders.* That such leviathans are in the habit of lurking beneath the milldams, by which the infant Kennet descends by slow degrees from the hill of Silbury to the groves of Marlborough, is not, I need hardly say, the case. As a matter of fact, however, the largest fish in a river celebrated for large fish, haunt these rich feeding-grounds far up among the downs. But these four and five pounders are fat, lazy, and luxurious fellows, who scorn the efforts of the greatest expert to bring them to the top when such ample provision lies below. It is immediately below Marlborough — in the broader waters — that the angler who is privileged to do so most rejoices. There are people who cannot separate the habitat of the trout in their minds from the neighborhood of beetling crags and rushing torrents, and are apt to speak even with contempt of the finny denizen of more homely scenes. The former sentiment is of course only a matter of taste and habit. The latter would be returned with interest by your Kennet trout on the head of any uninitiated gentleman from the north or west, who came randomly flicking at him with a cast full of flies. The clear, slow stream in which the veteran two-pounder lies eying the surrounding landscape with eagle glance, is a different field of attack from the whirling tail of a mountain pool alive with three-ouncers. Let the surface of the stream be churned into mimic waves by the western breeze, let the willows'

whistling lashes, wrung
By the wild winds of gusty spring,

whiten against a background of sunless sky — then, if it is late enough in the

* Within the last month a trout of sixteen and a half pounds has been taken in the Kennet.

season, almost any one can at least hook trout upon the Kennet.

But in the still summer days, when no air is stirring, or only light puffs that barely shake the bulrushes; when the sun is shining bright, and the feeding fish can be seen trailing their long length above the streaming weeds twenty yards away — then it requires something more than a slayer of Devonshire doyens to drop a sedge fly again and again lightly above that wily fellow's nose, so that it floats with dry wings and lifelike look across his vision. And if he should be good enough to accept the snare, what a five minutes ensues! what a leaping and splashing and whizzing of reels! what moments of breathless suspense, as desperate rushes for banks of weeds or roots of trees have to be stopped by an absolute reliance on the strength of the thin gut! what triumph and relief as at last he measures his bright length on the grass, and scales a pound and three-quarters!

A. G. BRADLEY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
AN UNKNOWN COLONY.*

IN spite of the increase of tourists and the multiplication of books of travel, it is astonishing how little we know of the British empire. Yet, after all, the explanation is simple. The "literary globe-trotter" sticks to the highways of international traffic, seldom severing his communications with some cosmopolitan centre, where he is pretty sure of finding his luxuries or comforts. While, on the other hand, we have the few adventurous travellers, who are tempted by the very hardships of inhospitable regions, — like Ruxton, who had the luck to carry his scalp safe through the Comanché war-trails, in his daring ride through New Mexico to the head-waters of the Missouri; like Speke and Grant, when they went groping across the Dark Continent, in their adventurous search for the sources of the Nile. Meantime important colonies with a considerable future may be neglected, simply because they lie aside from familiar paths, though they have everything that should attract the admirers of the picturesque. Here we have Newfoundland, for example, which Captain Kennedy can hardly claim to have

discovered, since it is sighted by all the steamers bound for our North American ports. But he may boast of having written a book which is a revelation — which is full of fresh and dramatic descriptions of scenes and people seldom or never visited by educated strangers. He has explored the lonely shores of the colony as none but naval officers have opportunity of doing: and no one of his predecessors on the Newfoundland station happens to have written the very interesting story before. Few, indeed, could have collected similar materials; for Captain Kennedy, an indefatigable deer-stalker and fisherman, has penetrated the innermost recesses of a very paradise of sport. While in the way of his duties as naval commander and magistrate *ex officio*, he visited repeatedly the scattered groups of colonists along the coasts, who, being left by the government almost entirely to their own devices, must have a desperate struggle at the best of times to keep body and soul together. So he tells us of many a wild sporting incident by flood and fell; of long days passed in the trackless forests, in "the barrens," and in camp, in company of the Canadian woodsmen and Indian hunters; and of the more thrilling dangers of the doubtful navigation among the fogs and precipices of those iron-bound shores. He was the first Englishman who had the good fortune to explore some of the finest river scenery in the Canadian Dominion, where the streams, rushing swiftly seaward through the dense pine forests, fling themselves down the water-worn staircases in the living rock. While, being in "the Commission of the Peace," it was his business to settle a multitude of trivial disputes between quarrelsome neighbors; and as commodore he had to occupy himself with the troublesome international questions which weigh heavily on the prosperity and prospects of the colony.

As for the political history of Newfoundland, it is both curious and instructive. Neither the soil nor the climate offered great temptations to settlers, when the whole of the rich North American continent was to be reclaimed from the tribes of roving Indians. But the valuable fisheries on the famous Banks have always been a bone of contention, and apparently, so far back as the sixteenth century, they were fished indifferently by the English, the French, and the Portuguese. The Portuguese, as the spirit of adventure died out in them, were soon sent to the wall; but since the first settle-

* Sport, Travel, and Adventure in Newfoundland and the West Indies. By Captain W. Kennedy, R.N. William Blackwood & Sons. 1885.

ments of the French and English, about 1620, the two nations have been in constant antagonism. Many of the bays and capes still bear the old French names, ludicrously corrupted into vulgar English. Thus Rencontre is now Round Counter; Baie-du-Lievre is Bay de Liver; and by undoubtedly the most ludicrous travesty of all, the *Bay des Espoirs* is become the Bay of Despair. "So late as the year 1713," we are told, "it was a question whether the island belonged to England or to France, both countries laying claim to it." Now, in virtue of complicated treaty arrangements, the French have concurrent rights of fishing with us off the western and north-eastern shores. But the essential article of the agreement is worded with a latitude most ingeniously devised, so as to give occasion for perpetual disputes. It was stipulated that British fishermen should have the right to fish everywhere, *concurrently* with the French, *provided that they do not interfere with them*.

It is quite impossible, whatever may be said to the contrary, for two people to fish in the same water without one being able to claim, however unjustly, that the other is interfering with him. For instance, a Newfoundlander sets his nets in the open sea; if he catches fish, a Frenchman comes along, sets his net, and says the Newfoundlander is interfering with him. This is constantly done; and as the law now stands, the wretched Newfoundlander, who lives upon the spot, has to make way for the foreigner, who comes out for his own benefit, pays no taxes, and takes away his earnings to his own country.

As may be imagined, the results of this confusion of claims and jurisdictions are deplorable, and even dangerous. When the French and English naval commanders come together officially, each is provided with a standing supply of grievances and counter-grievances. And it is clear that if the French government cared to have a *casus belli* at any time, an intelligent captain could find the occasion for it in a squabble over some salmon barrels or a cargo of cod.

That standing danger is a serious consideration. But although the French officials have hitherto behaved with discretion and moderation, their *protégés* have been playing the dogs-in-the-manger everywhere. The men in the French fishing-fleets muster from three thousand to six thousand annually, yet there is room enough in these seas both for them and the Newfoundlanders. But French squatters have been scattering themselves

along the coasts, off which they are entitled to exercise the right of fishing. And claiming the protection of their flag, they resent the "intrusion" of any English or colonial speculators. Intrusion is invariably construed into "interference." Naturally, no Englishman or English colonist, with any capital, will care to risk it, without the government guarantee of land tenure, which he cannot obtain; while Frenchmen, who have no legal rights on the land, stretch their nets across mouths of the salmon-streams. Curing establishments have been either shut up, or else are carried on in the teeth of perpetual troubles; the working of promising mines has been abandoned; and, above all, the scheme of a railway, which would have been of inestimable benefit in opening up the island, fell through at the last moment, owing to French opposition. It is sincerely to be hoped, for the sake of all concerned, that so anomalous a state of things may be brought to a speedy termination.

But the presence of the French on those coasts is by no means an unmixed evil, and many of our forlorn settlers have good reason to be grateful to the foreigners. Their war cruisers are liberal of assistance to fellow-creatures who are too often reduced to dire extremities. Captain Kennedy gives a most striking picture of some of the dreary and solitary existences he lost no opportunity of brightening. The great island of Newfoundland has, roughly speaking, a circumference of twelve hundred miles. But that long distance is immensely increased by the innumerable bays and creeks which everywhere break into the outline. There are no roads, except in the neighborhood of the capital: elsewhere there are absolutely no means of communication except by sea. The fishing-boats can never venture far from land; the visits of small coasting steamers are few and far between; and many outlying settlers would be almost utterly cut off from their kind, were it not for the regular calls of the naval cruisers. In the market for their fish they are at the mercy of the buyers; a bad fishing season may bring them in any case to the brink of starvation; and should they succeed in raising a precarious crop from some narrow strip of cultivated land, they have no certain means of selling the surplus produce. As for money, they seldom see it. Everywhere, when they are in the employment of others, the worst tyranny of the truck system is carried to excess. When paid

for fish or for labor, as the case may be, the price of their necessities or poor luxuries is deducted, at any valuation it may please the employer to fix. They are born, they live, and they die, without any assistance from doctors, unless some passing ship should happen to look in; and spiritual ministrations are at least as precarious. Occasionally a virulent epidemic makes wild work with them; and the next visitor who gropes his way up some half-forgotten creek, running the gauntlet of the fogs, the reefs, and the shallows, may land in a village that is literally deserted. "Truly a lonely life," says Captain Kennedy, speaking of the people at the telegraph station in White Bear Bay, where "the only living creatures are the operator and his family, with one telegraph repairer." Yet the telegraph folks, being of course in receipt of regular pay, ought to have been comparatively well off. As to the general destitution along those bleak and storm-beaten coasts, we cannot do better than quote his report on it:—

On our visits round the island, we met with sights enough to sicken us, and make us ashamed to think that these poor creatures were British subjects like ourselves. On many parts of Labrador, the west coast of Newfoundland, and on parts of the north-east coast, the people are starving every winter, though it is the custom in St. John's to laugh at these reports as gross exaggerations. I can only say that we have seen this state of things repeatedly: any one who has followed our cruise round the coast cannot fail to have remarked it; but as long as everything is sacrificed to the fishing, and these dogs permitted, there is no help for it. But for these brutal dogs, sheep-farming might be encouraged, and the women taught to spin and weave the wool, to make clothes for themselves and their little ones, as they do in the Highlands of Scotland, instead of going about in that climate scantily clothed, and their wretched children half naked, because they are too poor to buy any clothes, or the material to make them. These poor creatures used to flock on board to see the doctor at every port, asking for medicines, when it was patent to all that what they wanted was nourishing food and warm clothing.

The dogs, referred to as one of the worst scourges of the farmer, are sprung from domestic animals run wild, which increase and multiply and hunt the country in packs. An enterprising Canadian settler had complained to Captain Kennedy that, though he had enclosed land and gone in for sheep-raising, his attempts were being baffled by those "wolfish curs." Apparently, some one is still sup-

posed to have rights of property in them, for the settler had to ask the captain as a magistrate for permission to destroy them. The leave was given; ninety-two dogs were speedily bagged; yet the settler was still enjoying as good sport as ever. Of course, with the increase of population, and the opening of communications between the settlements, some of the most serious drawbacks to successful farming would disappear. Hitherto everything has been sacrificed to the sea fishing, and the most pleasing and fertile locations have been neglected. To the sea-fishing Captain Kennedy only alludes incidentally; but what he does say on the subject is shrewd, and of great interest. "The cod is the only fish recognized in Newfoundland as of any value, except perhaps the halibut. All others are looked upon merely as bait, or for manuring the ground. I have even known trout of three and four pounds weight cut up as bait for cod; and the man that told me this was not a bit ashamed of himself." Until recently, the Newfoundland fish had almost a monopoly of the markets in Spain, Brazil, and the West Indies, among the devout Roman Catholics and the negroes, both of them indefatigable consumers of the salted cod or *baccalao*. Latterly the Norwegian and Icelandic curers have been coming to the front. "There is no fear, however," Captain Kennedy goes on to say, "but that the Newfoundland cod will always hold its own in market value." "The bank fishery on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador is probably equal to that of all the rest of the world put together; and when it is estimated that a cod's roe contains from four to nine million eggs, there is little fear of this fish being exterminated." As for the still more prolific herrings—

They are frequently barred in any of the numerous estuaries along the coast, such as Long Harbor, by enclosing them in long, deep nets, and kept in this manner until vessels arrive to take them away. This method is illegal, and very properly so, as many millions die of starvation or suffocation, and sink to the bottom. I have heard of the bottom of the sea being covered with dead herrings to the depth of 16 feet. Even with our small service seine, we have taken 60,000 herrings at a single haul.

Personally, Captain Kennedy takes slight interest in the sea fish. But into the salmon and the trout fishing he throws his whole heart and soul; and he narrates his experiences on the Newfoundland rivers with as much frankness as fresh-

ness. He warns sanguine fishermen that they will probably be disappointed. It is not that salmon do not swarm up the streams, everywhere and always when they have fair play. But, in the first place, they seldom do have fair play; in the second place, they are shy of rising to the fly. "The whole of the fine salmon rivers are ruined by barring, sweeping with nets, traps, weirs, or milldams, in defiance of all laws and proclamations, till the wretched fish are almost exterminated." There are three modes of barring by nets, and all of them very deadly. By two of these the fish are almost inevitably trapped; by the third they are absolutely prevented from passing, and probably hung up by their heads in the meshes. No one of his official duties was carried out with greater energy than that of forcing the obstructive barricades, and making prize of the valuable nets. The only way to circumvent the enemy was to take him by surprise; for if a cruiser was sighted on the coast, the nets were immediately secreted. The ship would lie off some miles from the river mouth; a boat that was lowered in the darkness pulled in towards the land with the daybreak, and when the poachers had warning of the intended descent, it was too late to save their property. Captain Kennedy narrates some of those incidents with lively satisfaction, for undoubtedly he and his boat's crew on the whole had the best of the joke, although he had to put up with the loss of his rod-fishing. Making the mouth of "a lovely salmon river in Bonne Bay," they sighted a boat with a man in it, pulling up the river. He was speedily overhauled by the Druid's steam launch, hailed with a cheery "Good morning," and asked as to the chances of sport. His replies were by no means reassuring. There had not been a fish in the river for many years, and in his opinion it was no use putting up a rod. Then he sculled swiftly ashore and vanished in the bush, while the launch proceeded up the river.

We had not gone a mile further before a sight met us enough to make any true angler collapse. Right across the river, from bank to bank, staked high above the water, was a splendid net, and suspended in the meshes, just as the water had left them, were several salmon and some noble trout, of 3 and 4 lb. weight. Above this net were three others, all containing fish, and above that again — not a living thing, and no wonder.

These unlooked-for descents did a great deal of good, by spreading dismay far and wide among the speculators, who sunk

considerable sums of money in their nets. And within a year of clearing the mouth of a river of the obstructions, Captain Kennedy found the pools full of grilse and salmon. But even then there were more than the ordinary odds against the angler, for Newfoundland salmon, as we said, are slow to take the fly. His theory is that they want education, and hitherto their education has been almost absolutely neglected. Yet the tales of one or two of his lucky days are almost enough to tempt sportsmen who have found European rivers over-fished, to try the chances of the Newfoundland trip. One day, in company with a boy of eleven, the joint bag of trout scaled 98 lb., and all of these were killed in the course of four hours; while on another occasion he had still finer sport with the grilse, though, owing to natural and artificial obstructions in the stream, the successes were checkered by a series of disappointments. He tells the story, and sketches the scenery with much spirit. He had sought a singularly romantic spot beneath some picturesque falls on a salmon river called the Indian Brook. He was poled up the stream by a couple of Indians in a canoe.

A mass of logs, many of large size, had formed a jam at the falls, completely blocking the passage, and raising the water several feet, thus preventing any fish from ascending. The foaming torrent poured over and through these logs with a deafening roar. Close below the fall was a deep still pool, in which the water glided silently to some rapids below; at the lower part of this pool was another jam of logs, — the heavy spars were thrown about in every possible position like spillicans. Stepping out upon the rocks overhanging the silent pool, I dropped my fly lightly upon the water. Instantly there was a gleam like silver out of the depths, the line tautened, — a fresh-run grilse sprang out of the water, was all over the pool, — and in three minutes he was cleverly netted by one of the Indians, and lay gasping on the bank. After a short spell to rest the pool and enjoy a cup of coffee and a cigar, I took up my rod again, and hooked another grilse with the third cast, which, after several leaps, went over the fall below, and was landed lower down. A few more throws, and I was fast in another; this one also went over the falls, but left my fly sticking in a log; and the next one served me the same way. A fifth landed on the logs in his first jump, and we parted company. After this I had no more luck, although I rose and hooked several more: they all went over the falls or hung me up in the logs, in spite of all I could do to prevent them. Had it not been for these logs, I must have had at least a dozen of them, for they took the fly well, and were all fair hooked.

The disappointments were vexatious, no doubt, yet we can hardly imagine a more delightful day's sport; and we really think the captain was ungrateful for his mercies, when he returned to his ship "not over-satisfied." But his expeditions in search of scenery were almost invariably richly rewarded; while in some of them he unveiled the virgin beauties of wild nature in a waste of wood and waters that had hitherto been unexplored. The most picturesque of his discoveries was the Grand Falls on the Exploits River, which may some day have their setting of grand hotels like Niagara, and be included in Mr. Cook's circular American tours. The ascent of the rapidly running river, which is nearly a mile in width at the mouth, promised at first comparatively little. The banks were somewhat tame, and axes had been busy among the woods. But it soon became hard work paddling the canoes against the broken current, and foaming rapids succeeded to swift rushes, till they were brought up by the Bishop's Fall. Nor was the romantic voyage without its disagreeables.

Returning to our camp, we found the tent pitched, fire lighted, and tea ready, and we looked forward to refreshment and repose; but alas! there was none of it, for the black flies were masters of the situation. They were in millions, and attacked us from all quarters, notwithstanding repeated applications of tar and oil, until we had to take refuge in the smoke of our fire, where we passed a miserable time, with our eyes running with water, mingled with grease and tar. We endeavored in vain to make ourselves comfortable for the night; but the flies got into our eyes, ears, and mouth, mingled with our food and tea, and generally made our lives a burden to us. Darkness set in, and we flattered ourselves we should have peace; but there was no peace for the wicked. The flies disappeared, but the mosquitoes took their place. The tent was stiflingly hot, and we tried to sleep outside; but it was all the same, for no sleep was to be had.

Those flies and mosquitoes, as we know full well, are the curse of the pleasure-seeker in northern latitudes. But a plunge in the cold river worked marvels next morning, with the fresh breezes breathing balm and resin from the pine-trees. The party carried their canoes round the rocks, to launch them again above the rapids, poling or paddling onwards through scenery that was ever growing grander. Seals, with their little ones, were playing among the cliffs, taking headers into the water when scared by the splash of the paddles. Where the scenery was at its wildest, they

struck a trail through the woods, cutting across a great loop of the river.

We now approached the Grand Falls, the roar of which we could plainly hear. Occasionally glimpses of the river far beneath us could be had through the trees, showing a mass of foaming, eddying water dashing between precipitous banks on either hand. Guided by the ear, we now scrambled through the bush, and presently found ourselves in sight of the Falls, when a glorious view presented itself. I must confess that we were prepared for a disappointment, after many of like nature in this and other countries; but the scene before us fully answered, if it did not exceed, our expectations. Looking upwards to the right was a roaring torrent broken by the black rocks, whose heads could now and then be seen. Abreast of where we stood the stream was divided by a thickly wooded islet, whereon thousands of gulls had built their nests: the parent birds flew round with loud discordant cries, adding in the roar of the waterfall to the weirdness of the scene. Below the islet the waters met, and, wedged in by precipitous rocks on either side, plunged in a succession of cascades into the seething caldron beneath.

The shooting in Newfoundland is more satisfactory than the fishing; and the caribou-stalking must be really noble sport, and merely a question of money to those who have not the exceptional good-fortune to go yachting at government expense. To penetrate the seldom trodden shooting-grounds of the interior, it is necessary not only to charter your own vessel, if you desire to keep communications with civilization open, but you must be provided with a tent, with boats or canoes, and, carrying with you sufficient stores for the trip, must engage skilled backwoodsmen as pioneers, and Indian hunters for stalkers. As for the shooting, though grouse are tolerably plentiful, we should fancy no one would dream of going to Newfoundland for grouse-shooting. The walking is invariably stiff, and the birds are scattered at haphazard about the country. You must have a good and well-broken dog to find them, and then they are as hard to be flushed as the broods of young black game in the beginning of September. But the caribou is king of the Newfoundland uplands, and one of the grand old stags, with his spreading antlers, will repay any amount of exertion. Captain Kennedy describes the caribou as a gigantic goat. He stands lower than the red deer, but weighs much more heavily. Taking a good red-deer stag at twenty stone, a fine specimen of the caribou would scale half as much again. As for the antlers, they are magnificent tro-

phies. "The antlers of the caribou stag are palmed, sweeping backwards at first, and then forwards, and of magnificent proportions,—the brow-antlers sometimes meeting over the nose like a pair of hands clasped in the attitude of prayer." On the whole, and considering the character of the country, the caribou is by no means difficult of approach. He seems to trust almost entirely to his exquisite sensibility of scent, and he is neither quick of sight nor keen of hearing. Smelling the track of the sportsman will give him the alarm, and send him shambling across the barrens, with his long and swift though lumbering gallop; but he is slow to be scared by sounds, and will actually come down upon a rifle in the open. In fact, although, like all deer, he is timid before unknown dangers, he is almost aggressively courageous, especially in the rutting season. Then it is the practice of the Indians to "tole" up the stag by imitating the call of a rival. The stag dashes out of the covert in answer to the challenge, and will even charge a man when he has discovered his blunder. Consequently, fierce battles between the deer themselves are of no unusual occurrence, and Captain Kennedy had the good fortune to witness one of these, which, we should say, is unprecedented in the annals of sport, so far as the romantic circumstances went. Through blinding snowdrift they had distinguished the two stutans—one of them accompanied by a single hind, the other at the head of a numerous seraglio, on which his rival had been casting envious eyes. Captain Kennedy's Indian attendant had "toled," but neither stag paid any attention. The thoughts of both were concentrated on the coming combat. "A moment later, and a crash as of a tree falling resounded through the valley, as the two stags' heads met in the arena." The odd thing was, that the sportsmen had come full upon the group of hinds, when—

The hinds ran also—not away from us, but with us; and the extraordinary sight might have been seen of three men and some sixteen or seventeen hinds all mixed up together to witness as pretty a fight as ever man beheld. . . . There, amidst the blinding snow, were the two monarchs of the glen, their heads down, backs arched, horns crashing, turf flying, struggling, writhing, and pushing for the mastery. The hinds, for whom the battle was raging, assembled themselves round to see fair play; and we stood and watched the conflict from ten yards' distance.

The gallant struggle was abruptly terminated by Captain Kennedy and his

companion dropping the combatants to a simultaneous discharge. For crack shots, under skilled guidance, the sport must be excellent; and on one occasion, Captain Kennedy and his friends had six deer lying out around the encampment, to be fetched home by the camp-followers. Then the excitement of following up the caribou to his least accessible retreats is heightened by the wild grandeur of the scenery. Happily waterways lead up towards the least frequented of the forest sanctuaries, which would be unapproachable had a way to be hewn through the bush. On one excursion, with *portages* over the intervening necks of land, Captain Kennedy followed a chain of lakes, each from twenty to sixty miles in length, and when the hunters had scaled the heights frequented by the ptarmigan, the eye ranged over a wide wilderness of scenery, somewhat resembling a Scottish deer forest, though richly wooded. Standing on one of the mountain-tops when the dense mist lifted, Captain Kennedy looked around him on a varied panorama, extending for some fifty miles in every direction.

Far as the eye could reach were mountains and valleys, lakes, woods, and rocks. . . . Near us were marshes, ponds, and scattered clumps of wood, a very sanctuary for deer and beaver, and a glorious prospect for a deer-stalker; not a soul or a human habitation to be seen, nor a sound heard except the crow of the old grouse-cock, or the more distant cry of the loon.

For the beaver is still to be found in these solitudes, sociably gathered together in hard-working communities; and the bear may be met with now and again, although, as a rule, he keeps himself modestly in the background. Apropos to the bears, Captain Kennedy tells a very amusing story. He had gone ashore with his coxswain to look for geese; the coxswain pulled off his boots to walk barefooted, and the pair had left a well-marked trail along the sandy beach.

It is a well-known fact that a bear's trail closely resembles that of a man, and may be easily mistaken for it. It seemed evident that the unfortunate skipper was being tracked by the ferocious and bloodthirsty animal, and the officers gallantly gave chase, in hopes of slaying the bear before he had made a meal of the captain. After following the track for some time, it became apparent that the skipper and the bear had sat down and made a friendly meal together, so the officers returned on board, and I am afraid got well chaffed for their trouble.

But we must not bid farewell to the

camps on the caribou grounds without quoting one of those incidents of the day's stalking which Captain Kennedy hits off so pleasantly, with his easy and humorous touch.

We counted seventeen or eighteen of them, in charge of a monster which loomed as big as a bullock, and carried a magnificent head. The deer were travelling diagonally towards us, down wind, so that by running as hard as we could for half a mile we were able to intercept their path, and had barely time to drop behind some low junipers before the leading hinds were upon us. It was an exciting moment as the graceful animals passed our ambush in twos and threes, some of them not more than five yards off, and none more than twenty. As they crossed our track, they winded it, jumped over, and, passing on, assembled themselves in our rear. . . . Joe was greatly excited, and kept whispering in my ear, "Take that one, sir; she got five inches of fat!" but I was deaf to his remarks, and kept my gun at half-cock; for I could hear the old bull grunting in rear of his harem. Presently his brow-antlers appeared—what a moment for a deer-stalker!—then his head and enormous neck—and what a pair of horns!—and then his huge carcass came in full view. Joe gave a grunt, the old brute stopped; and at that instant the heavy ounce-ball crashed in behind his shoulder, the poor brute gave a prodigious bound, clearing fifteen feet, as we afterwards measured, and then laid out at full gallop. . . . It mattered not; the gallant beast, going like a race-horse, but dying all the way, made straight for a lake, some 400 yards away, and, plunging in, rolled over dead. . . . His horns stuck up out of the water like a branch of a tree. After a good deal of trouble we got him ashore, and surveyed his noble proportions. "He very ole stag," said Joe: "about ten year ole, and weigh over 500 lb." But, by Jove, what a head!—forty-two points, as I'm a sinner! with the palmated brow-antlers interlocked across his nose, like a pair of clasped hands, his huge bull-neck and shoulders bearing many a scar, gained in defence of his seraglio. I named him "Brigham Young" on the spot, out of compliment to the Mormon elder.

Captain Kennedy's reports of his magisterial decisions are droll enough; and, what was much to the purpose, the litigants seem to have been generally satisfied with his system of rough and ready justice. Once, when he was wading waist deep in the Forteau River, and industriously throwing his flies, an old settler came up to the bank, brimful of complaints against a servant girl.

Mr. B. (at the top of his voice). "Serious charge to make, sir. Servant gal—"

"Well, tell us all about it. What's her name? State the case."

"Well, sir, you'd hardly believe it when I tell you that the gal—"

"By Jove, a rise! I have him! Run down and put the net under that fish. Thanks. What a beauty! You were saying that—"

So the investigation of the case went on, complainant being called upon to use the cleek or the landing-net at intervals, till the judge began to lose patience at the interruptions to the sport, and politely dismissed the plaintiff:—

"Shameful! So it is, Mr. B.; but pressure of business prevents me from investigating the case any further at present—so bring the parties on board the Druid to-morrow morning. Good-day."

Another of his *causes célèbres* was a case of arson.

A man at Trout river told me that his house had been burnt down, he had reason to believe, by three brothers; but he could not swear to it, not having seen them do it. Summoned all the parties to appear on board the Druid. . . . Placed them all under the sentry's charge, while a consultation was held; then called in one, whom we will call A. Worked upon A.'s feelings by informing him that if the case came before the Supreme Court he would probably be hanged; whereupon A. confessed having assisted to set fire to the house. Dismissed A. and put him under the sentry's charge separately, and had in B. Told B. that A. had turned Queen's evidence. B. then confessed. Put him under the sentry's charge, and had in C., who thereupon made a clean breast of it. Ordered the three brothers to pay ten dollars apiece and rebuild the house. All the parties signed a paper agreeing to this decision, and left the ship together. When we came by the next year, all four were living together in the same house in perfect harmony.

We have cast a glimpse over the landscapes in the interior, with their scrub and their broad "barrens, their lakes and their clumps of noble timber. And the scenery on the coast must often be sternly magnificent, where bays, fiords, and creeks,—call them what we will,—go winding inland beneath beetling precipices; where the clear salmon streams come rushing down, flinging themselves over ledges of rock, between thickets of natural shrubbery matted under the pines. But we cannot say that Captain Kennedy has convinced us of the charms of the climate; though he does declare, in his opening chapter, that it is "second to none in point of salubrity." Salubrious it may be, and pleasant enough for the two or three summer months; but through great part of the year, it must be the very abomination of disheartening desolation.

Fogs that last for weeks, with dripping rain, are of no unfrequent occurrence; and, as he remarks, "these fogs are terribly depressing, besides being most dangerous." And of the dangers he came to know a great deal, since the Druid had often to grope her way into unknown harbors, by the hoarse screams of her steam whistles, echoed back through the darkness from the invisible cliffs. Then the drift of icebergs from the frozen seas round the pole bring down the low spring temperature; and when the summer sun begins to shine warmly on the frozen and saturated soil, the glaciers are half veiled in the rising vapors. So that, though Newfoundland may have its attractions, it is an agreeable transition to ship in the Druid for winter cruising in the tropics, among the sunny isles of the West Indies with their tropical foliage.

Seven times did Captain Kennedy come to an anchorage at the Bermudas, and he ought to know something about them. Bermudians, in a blissful state of self-contentment, profess to revel in an earthly paradise; while naval and military officers have brought up evil reports of the islands, pronouncing them "one of the most monotonous places under heaven." The truth, as may be imagined, lies between those extremes. The islands are very beautiful, yet life there may be abominably dull.

The approach from seaward is certainly very lovely, and the pleasing impression remains after one has skirted the reefs at the entrance and come to an anchor inside. The first thing that attracts the eye of a new-comer is the wonderful clearness and lovely coloring of the water, a pale greenish blue, and the beautiful whiteness of the coral strand. The water is so clear that the reefs are plainly visible, and it would be possible for even a stranger to thread his way between them in a clear day. . . . The contrast between the snowy-white houses and the dark foliage of the juniper cedar is especially beautiful and refreshing to the eye, wearied by the monotony of gazing on the sea for several days previously. . . . For those fond of yachting and boat-sailing, or sea-fishing, Bermuda presents unusual attractions. The sky is of the bluest; the water a lovely emerald-green, revealing in its depths wonderful corals, sponges, shells, and seaweeds, with many kinds of brilliantly marked fish swimming about their rocky home.

As a fortress, Bermuda is of the first importance. It is situated almost exactly half-way between the northern and the southern naval stations; while nature has made it practically impregnable. The only approach lies through that labyrinth

of reefs and narrow channels which Captain Kennedy has described. The local pilots are sworn to secrecy; and, what is more reassuring, by lifting buoys and laying down torpedoes, hostile vessels trying to thread the passage must come to inevitable grief. So far Bermuda may be considered safe, whatever may be the condition of the fortifications and the cannon in the batteries. Yet the universal neglect of our colonial defences is apparent in the fact that no telegraphic communication has hitherto been established with the West Indies on the one side, or with the Dominion of Canada on the other.

Jamaica has always had a bad name in the bills of mortality, notwithstanding its beauties; and we are apt to fancy the venomous germs of yellow fever to be lurking everywhere, with its snakes among its fruits and its flowers. But Captain Kennedy declares "that statistics would show that Jamaica was as healthy a place as there is on the globe, and far more so than Gibraltar or Malta, Cyprus or Halifax." Yellow fever is almost unknown and never indigenous, being brought thither from some neighboring island, or from the mainland of South America. And he backs up his assertion by the facts that, during the three winters he knew Port Royal, there was no single case of fever; while for a whole year, in the naval hospital, there was no death from any cause whatever. Health, he says, is all a question of ordinary care, and people who neglect exercise, and indulge in excesses or indiscretions, have no right to blame the climate if they suffer. And he found the same hospitality among the impoverished planters which was glorified by "Tom Cringle," in the golden days before emancipation, and praised by Anthony Trollope and Charles Kingsley on their comparatively recent visits. But he cannot speak hopefully of the prospects of the friends who still strive to cherish the old kindly traditions under difficulties. Setting sugar bounties or over-competition in coffees aside, the labor question will always be at the bottom of their struggles or their bankruptcies. How is it possible to count upon plentiful labor at a reasonable rate, when two easy days of work in each week will keep the black man in comparative luxury? The picturesque charms of that "island of streams" have been its bane; and indolent negroes can never be broken to regular toil, when they have only to cut out a provision ground anywhere from a wilderness of rich and unclaimed country. Then, the physical con-

ditions of the districts of the island are so different, that it is impossible to generalize either on them or their productions.

The rainfall seems to be cut off by the mountainous range in the interior, and is very unequally divided. On the south side people are often starved for want of water, while on the north they have abundance—often too much. Naturally the whole features of the country are altered: the southern slopes of the mountains have a barren and withered appearance, and the plains are parched, hot, and dusty. The north side is precisely the reverse: here may be seen tropical vegetation in all its glory, with lovely flowers, ferns, and orchids to delight the naturalist. Most of the fruit is grown on this side, and immense quantities of bananas and cocoa-nuts are shipped to the United States.

Reporting one of his quarter-deck decisions in a collision case, where the horse which had been hired by one of the Druid's seamen had been killed by the shaft of a negro's cart, Captain Kennedy, with his lively sense of the ludicrous, quotes a characteristic bit of nautical evidence. A boatswain's mate, called in support of the defendant, is giving his version of the affair:—

"Well, sir, all I knows is that 'Umphreys' (the man's name was Humphreys) "was close hauled on the starboard tack, when this 'ere nigger came a-bearing down on him dead afore the wind. 'Umphries, seeing him a-coming, puts his 'elm down to clear him, but the nigger came right athwart 'his bows and sunk him. By the rule of the road at sea, sir, 'Umphreys was in the right, and the nigger wrong."

The outlook for Jamaica may be by no means brilliant, but Captain Kennedy gives a still more depressing report of the present condition and the prospects of Cuba. It is not so long ago that the "Pearl of the Antilles" contributed largely to the revenues of the mother country; that each successive captain-general enriched himself quickly, and as a matter of course, with the perquisites paid ungrudgingly by prosperous sugar-growers. But the slave emancipation act of five years back has ruined Cuba, as our legislation ruined Jamaica half a century before.

The financial condition of the island is desperate. The Custom-houses are, and have been for some time, mortgaged to a very large amount. The estimated deficit for the financial year ending 30th June, 1880, was calculated at 20,000,000 dollars—probably much below the mark. No taxes are collected, although the treasury is empty, as the people cannot or will not pay, and the authorities dare not make them. . . . The city of Havana

is a reflex of the condition of the country—an empty treasury, mortgaged Custom-house, officials in arrears, and troops unpaid. The town is infested with adventurers of every nationality.

Cuba would seem to be drifting through insolvency, discontent, depression, and despair, towards appropriation by American speculators, if not open annexation by the United States. But the condition of the beautiful Haïti is still more deplorable and hopeless. That magnificent island, called "the Queen of the Antilles," as Cuba was "the Pearl," and containing thirty thousand square miles, is scantily populated by some seven hundred thousand semi-savages. It has a thin fringe of semi-civilization in the few filthy coast towns, which ape the manners, the court ceremonial, and the armaments of great European powers. Two-thirds of the island, with two hundred thousand of the inhabitants, belong to San Domingo; the remaining third, with five-sevenths of the population, is in Haïti proper. The army of Haïti, even as it exists on paper, is considerably over-officered. To a (nominal) force of eight thousand troops there are allotted no less than two thousand full generals. "Whenever a general dies a salute is fired, consequently minute-guns may be heard almost every day." The numerous generals receive no pay, but are permitted to embezzle the money of their men, who, so far as they are really under the colors, must, it is to be supposed, either starve or steal for a subsistence. Consequently we are not surprised to hear that the financial condition of the country is rotten; that there is no kind of public security; and that political disturbances are of frequent occurrence. But the president, pending the next revolution that may sweep him from power, has no hesitation in dealing with the disturbers of public order. He shoots them by batches, a dozen or so at a time; and is hopeful that these sharp remedies may calm popular excitement. The rival republic of San Domingo is administered even more frugally. There is no standing army, and consequently there are no generals, but each man arms himself as well as he can afford, and taking the law into his own hands, uses his deadly weapons on the slightest provocation.

But when we spoke of the Haïtien people as semi-savages, we did them something more than justice. And we may close our notice of a fascinating book with a glance at the most sensational of its chapters. Captain Kennedy anticipates

his critics, declaring, by way of preface, that he "shall neither be surprised nor offended if the reader gives me credit for a lively imagination, or at least a gross exaggeration of facts." He tells us that he has been convinced that the *Haïtiens* are cannibals; that they practise with little affectation of secrecy the most blood-thirsty and disgusting rites; that sorcery is their religion, and a recognized institution among them; and that its festivals are celebrated by human sacrifices. Those blacks, having been brought originally from the banks of the Congo, have faithfully preserved the traditions and continued to practise the rites of their ancestors.

Haïti is nominally a Christian and Catholic country: it has an archbishop, four bishops, and one hundred priests. But the Church has always been powerless against the sorcerers and serpent-worshippers; and even the president, as head of the civil power, prudently ignores their existence. On certain high days and holidays the ceremonies and orgies are known to recur periodically.

The people are called together by beat of drum, usually at midnight. The ceremony begins by administering oaths enjoining secrecy. Dancing then commences, the excitement being supplemented by copious libations of rum, till one or more of the wretches fall down in a fit, when the spirit of *Voudoux* is supposed to have entered into them. These orgies generally last three days, but often much longer. On the first night a priest sacrifices a cock at the altar, the blood being drunk warm. Dancing then recommences, and the orgies go on till the individuals are incapable of further exertions. . . . On the third night the orgies continue, when a little child is brought in: the child's throat is cut by the priest, the blood handed round and drunk warm; the body is then cut up and eaten raw, that which is not disposed of being salted for further use.

It is said that child-stealing is a regular calling among the women; that children are slaughtered annually by hundreds; and that the terror established by the heathen priests is so great, that none of the bereaved parents venture to complain. It is very conceivable that such horrors of cruelty and even cannibalism might be perpetrated in frenzies of superstitious excitement. But Captain Kennedy is of opinion that cannibalism is habitually practised in cold blood; that the negro has a natural liking for human flesh; and that unnatural mothers will provide for themselves and their children simultaneously by making a meal off their own newly born infants. He assures us that

human flesh has openly been sold in the *Haïtien* markets; and that men and women have been repeatedly detected in the very act of cannibalism. On these occasions "the worthy magistrate" sends them away with a reproof and a nominal punishment. Severity had been tried and had failed. The late president had eight cannibals shot, to whom the crime had been brought home conclusively; but the only effect of that startling example was to make the practice of cannibalism more secret. Remarking that the *Haïtiens* have their faults, and that their tastes are certainly peculiar, Captain Kennedy sums up his observations on the country by speculating on its probable future:—

It is difficult to conjecture what will be the future of *Haïti*; possibly in time to come it may be annexed by the United States or other powerful and civilized country. In the meantime, it is, I fear, destined to remain a blot on the face of the earth, a disgrace and a parody on the name of civilization, and a monument of anarchy and misrule.

And it will be a marvel, with the present mania for promiscuous colonization, if the *Haïtiens* do not find foreign masters before many years are over.

From Temple Bar.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

THE ENGLISH ARISTOPHANES.

THIS was the title given to one of the most brilliant wits of the eighteenth century, whose works have fallen into strange and undeserved neglect. Samuel Foote, if we may accept the estimate of his contemporaries—and it is almost unanimous on this point—was the most original and daring humorist of his time. Garrick described him as a man of wonderful abilities, and the most entertaining companion he had ever known. "Upon my word," wrote Horace Walpole, "if Mr. Foote be not checked we shall have the army itself, on its return from Boston, besieged in the Haymarket;" while Dr. Johnson, who met Foote for the first time at Fitzherbert's, said: "Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him, but the dog was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irresistible!"

Numerous other anecdotes are related of the ready wit of Foote, but his wit by no means exhausted his worth, for he was a man of considerable reading and good classical learning, and could shine (it is said) in instructive and rational conversation with a single friend, with equal force as he could set a table in a roar. But he chiefly devoted himself to the lowest form of satire — that which is merely personal and consequently evanescent — and paid little regard to the husbanding of his faculties. The result is, that his pieces are devoid of the highest art, that moulding which genius gives to its productions in the interest of posterity. He had an almost abnormal development of the faculty of personal mimicry, and this made him such a power that he was dreaded by all classes. He exercised his faculty to excess, though Johnson observed to Boswell: "He does not make fools of his company; they whom he exposes are fools already; he only brings them into action." But as most persons have a morbid horror of being subjected to ridicule, there is no wonder that society gave Foote a wide berth. There are many men to whom ridicule is worse than death.

It would be difficult to trace the life of Foote in detail; for, as an ingenious biographer has remarked, in his early days, and before he became the cynosure of the town, we might find him in a coach one day, and the next in a prison; at one time setting up for a member of Parliament, and at another broiling a beef-steak in a garret. But we may note a few salient points in his career. He was born at Truro on the 27th of January, 1720. His father, who filled the posts of receiver of fines for the duchy of Cornwall, and joint commissioner of prizes, was in no wise distinguished intellectually. His mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart., M. P. for the county of Hereford, by a granddaughter of the Earl of Rutland. By a terrible deed of fratricide, which is too well known to speak of here, a large fortune passed to Mrs. Foote, and afterwards to her son Samuel. The humorist derived his wit and ability from his mother, a woman of good education and considerable sprightliness of fancy, and a favorite in fashionable and literary circles.

Foote was educated first at Worcester and then at the college of that name at Oxford. Worcester College owed its foundation to Sir T. C. Winford, a second cousin of our author's. Turning first to the law, Foote speedily relinquished this,

his impulsive and original mind craving for other occupation. Next he married a young lady of some fortune and good family, but they soon disagreed. Foote squandered the whole of what fortune was at his command, and being driven to the stage for a livelihood, he made his first appearance at the Haymarket on the 6th of February, 1744, in the character of Othello. He failed in this ambitious undertaking, though not from the mere elocutionary point of view; but to essay such a character as Othello without in the first place endeavoring to master the mind of Shakespeare, is something like attempting to control the chariot of the sun. Foote's brief experience taught him many useful lessons. Having tried tragedy, he essayed Lord Foppington in "The Relapse," but succeeded no better. Failing both in the higher and lower forms of the drama, he was driven to ask where his talent did lie. The answer came in the great success with which he represented characters within the apprehension of the multitude.

His first real success was achieved at the Haymarket Theatre in the spring of 1747, when he appeared in the double character of author and actor. The piece was entitled, "Divisions of the Morning," and dealt, like its successors, with characters in real life, whose foibles were exceedingly well reproduced on the stage. The author descended even to the manner and tone of the persons whom he intended to take off; the Westminster justices opposed the production of this piece, but Foote was well supported, and, with his ready wit, altered the title of his piece to "Mr. Foote giving Tea to his Friends." The representation was given for more than forty mornings to crowded and fashionable audiences, though a futile attempt was made to crush the author. In his next piece, "The Auction of Pictures," Foote brought in Sir Thomas de Veil, the leading justice of the peace for Westminster; Mr. Cock, the famous auctioneer; and the celebrated orator Henley.

Foote's powers of mimicry and truth to nature led him into a serious difficulty with one Faulkner, a printer of Dublin. This unfortunate man was ridiculed by the actor, who not only copied his speech, but his dress and manner, so that every one immediately recognized the character. Faulkner was so enraged that he brought an action against Foote, and, what was worse, recovered damages to the extent of £300. It is not a little singular that both Foote and Fielding ran the gauntlet

of the lord chamberlain's censorship; both were the subjects of public slander; both were public comedians and free livers; and both made a great sensation in town after having been refused a license for their productions. Extravagant to the last degree, we next find Foote in France, where he sojourned for four years, dissipating the greater part of the fortune which had come to him through his family. His Parisian experience led to many rumors, some enemies asserting that he had been killed in a duel, and others (with whom the wish was father to the thought) roundly declaring that he had been hanged. In the year 1752, however, the wandering comet astonished his friends and enemies alike by appearing in London in one of his pieces.

Foote had hit both Garrick and Macklin rather hard in his early productions, but no ranking sore was left as regards the former, Garrick maintaining the most friendly relations with the dramatist, extending help to and occasionally receiving it from him. Early in 1758 Foote paid a visit to Dublin, where he was exceedingly well received at Sheridan's Theatre. It was here that he originally produced "The Minor," in many respects his best play. When the piece was afterwards produced in London, Foote sent the manuscript to the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a request that his Grace would look it over, and if he saw any objectionable passages in it, "would exercise the free use of his pen, either in the way of erasure or correction." The dramatist had severely handled the Methodists in this piece, and of course if he could have obtained the sanction of the archbishop to it, he might fairly have congratulated himself upon doing an excellent stroke of business. The archbishop, however, was not to be caught, and having the wisdom of the serpent, he returned the manuscript as it reached him, observing to a confidential friend that, if he had put his pen to the piece, by way of correction or objection, the wit might have advertised his play as "corrected and prepared for the press by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Foote might make mistakes, but he was as cute as a Yankee in matters of business. A number of answers appeared to the attacks made in "The Minor" on the Methodists, and one pamphlet in particular was so ably written, that Foote was driven to reply to it. Mrs. Cole, a leading character in the piece, frequently refers to her friend Dr. Squintum, who was easily identified with the famous George

Whitefield, of the Tottenham Court Road Tabernacle. This and other personalities gave great umbrage. Foote cleverly defended himself in a lengthy pamphlet which speaks highly for his dialectical skill. He defined comedy to be an exact representation of the peculiar manners of that people amongst whom it happened to be performed; "a faithful imitation of singular absurdities, particular follies, which are openly produced, as criminals are publicly punished for the correction of individuals, and as an example to the whole community." There is no particular fault to be found with this definition, but unfortunately Foote now and again transgressed the very limits he had himself laid down. He ridiculed personal peculiarities which were the misfortune, and not the fault of those afflicted with them. It is but fair, however, to cite Foote's own grounds for attacking Whitefield.

If [he said] in despite of art and nature, not content with depreciating every individual of his own order; with a countenance not only inexpressive but ludicrous; dialect, not only provincial, but barbarous; a deportment, not only awkward, but savage—he will produce himself to the whole public, and then deliver doctrines equally heretical and absurd, in a language at once inelegant and ungrammatical, he must have his pretensions to oratory derided, his sincerity suspected, and the truth of his mission denied.

In this passage of arms with his clerical antagonist, Foote evinced the superiority of his classical knowledge, and corrected many mistakes into which his opponent had fallen with regard to the Attic stage.

Always falling foul of some brother actor or another, and travestying them in a manner as galling as it was natural, his frequent quarrels were not so remarkable as the rapid reconciliations which almost invariably followed. Arthur Murphy, for example, who had great cause of complaint against the humorist, in connection with "The Englishman Returned," forgot Foote's plagiary, and in 1761 opened in conjunction with him Drury Lane Theatre. Success failed to attend upon them, and they dissolved partnership. Foote somewhat retrieved his fortunes with "The Liar," produced at Covent Garden. His "Orators" was also brought forward in 1762 at the Haymarket. With a bold candor, the author announced that in the latter piece he should introduce no less a person than Dr. Samuel Johnson, and of course much to the great lexicographer's

discredit. But for once, Foote had reckoned without his host. Afraid that the burly doctor would really fulfil his threat of going upon the stage and knocking down the performer with a cudgel, Foote deemed discretion the better part of valor. He was obliged to allow all the delightful superstitious material about the Cock Lane Ghost to go for nothing. But Foote was really accommodated with a tedious and expensive lawsuit arising out of "The Orators." He had attacked Faulkner, the printer of the *Dublin Journal*, with the result we have already mentioned, and the only satisfaction he could obtain was the publication of a mock "Trial of Foote," in which he severely handled his prosecutor.

Foote now went on producing his pieces at the Haymarket in quick succession. "The Mayor of Garratt," "The Patron," "The Commissary," brought him much pecuniary profit, and gave him the favor and countenance of the fashionable world. But early in 1766, a severe accident befell him in the hunting-field. Being induced by the Duke of York, Lord Delaval, and others—who with himself were on a visit to Lord Mexborough—to go out with the hounds, he had the misfortune to break his leg. Amputation was rendered necessary, but even while it was being performed Foote could not suppress his humor, and observed that he had now no fears of corns, sores, or giped heels, and "would not change his one good leg for Lord Spindle's two drumsticks." The loss of a limb did not interfere with his performances on the stage, indeed it resulted in his warm patron, the Duke of York, procuring for him the royal patent for a summer theatre. He now purchased the Haymarket, rebuilt it, and opened it in May, 1767, with "An Occasional Prelude," in which Banister and himself appeared. Then followed "The Tailors," respecting whose authorship there is considerable doubt. This was in time succeeded by Foote's "Devil upon Two Sticks." Having made four thousand pounds out of the "Devil," he lost it all at play to a company of blacklegs at Bath; so that the devil was well revenged for the liberties which had been taken with his individuality. After a flying visit to Dublin, in 1770 Foote produced his "Lame Lover" in London, but the piece was a failure. Three years later he brought out the "Primitive Puppet Show." This novel entertainment was presented to crowded houses, the Haymarket being crammed with carriages. So great was

the excitement of the public, that they burst open the doors to obtain admittance. When the show was in course of preparation, a lady asked Foote whether his figures would be as large as life. "Oh no, my lady," he replied, "not quite; indeed, not much larger than Garrick," the great tragic actor being, as is well known, somewhat diminutive in size. "The Maid of Bath" was produced in 1771, "The Nabob" in 1772, and in 1774 appeared "The Cozeners," with a prologue by David Garrick, this being "the peace-offering thrown in by Roscius to Aristophanes, on a new reconciliation of the parties." Foote had attempted to borrow £500 from Garrick, and, as might be imagined, unsuccessfully.

In 1775 a strange quarrel arose between Foote and the notorious Duchess of Kingston, which furnished a good deal of scandal for the town. After our difficulties with America, the duchess absorbed the public attention. She had obtained possession of the deceased duke's vast revenues, and Foote, in his "Trip to Calais" and "The Capuchin," showed how she used this wealth to contaminate the public mind through her minion Jackson or Forster, represented as O'Donnovan and Dr. Viper. The expressed intention of bringing her Grace's follies upon the Haymarket stage aroused her friends, who in turn charged Foote with a countervailing crime. The duchess gave it out that her impending trial for bigamy would be prejudiced by the exposure of her follies, and in the end the lord chamberlain prohibited the "Trip to Calais." Foote was greatly annoyed, but was obliged to call for a truce with his fair antagonist. The only stipulation he made was that all attacks upon his own character should cease. Whether this was construed as a sign of weakness on Foote's part does not appear, but the attacks continued with unabated violence, and the duchess sent him a scurrilous letter. Foote replied with a terribly cutting and sarcastic epistle. The correspondence was such that it cannot be reproduced, but Foote made one very effective point. The honor of his parents having been attacked, he answered, with regard more especially to his mother—"Her fortune was large, and her morals irreproachable till your Grace condescended to stain them. She was upwards of fourscore years old when she died; and, what will surprise your Grace, *was never married but once in her life.*"

The duchess (*née* Miss Chudleigh) was tried for bigamy before the House of Lords, and found guilty. The quarrel

now proceeded with vigor. In the summer of 1776 "The Capuchin" was produced, and it was found that the dramatist had made a terrible *exposé* (in the character of Viper) of Jackson, who was chief of her Grace's council. The justice of the satire seems to have been widely acknowledged, but that only the more enraged the object of the attack. Accordingly Jackson, with the aid of a confederate, and supported by the duchess with funds, laid a disgraceful charge against Foote. He was honorably acquitted, the whole thing having been an infamous fabrication; but although he still retained both his public and private friends, his health broke down under the slander. Hysterics, languor, and excessive excitement, he alternately suffered from, and was obliged eventually to retire from the stage. He disposed of his patent to George Colman, author of "The Jealous Wife," on the understanding that he was to receive four hundred pounds every quarter of a year. In return he engaged to play occasionally at the Haymarket only. His appearances on the stage were very fitful, and being seized with paralysis on one occasion during the season of 1777, he retired for ever from the scene of his triumphs. Going to Brighton to recover his health, he was ordered from thence to France by his physicians, but he never got farther than Dover. Here he expired, the ruling passion of his wit being strong to the last. It seems that before he undertook this last journey he had a presentiment of his end; for in going over his house in Suffolk Street he came to the portrait of Weston, upon which he gazed for some time, sighing out, "Poor Weston!" Then, turning round, he added, "It will be very shortly 'Poor Foote!' or the intelligence of my spirits very much deceives me." He was buried by torchlight in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, on the 27th of October, 1777, but no stone or memorial of any kind distinguishes his grave.

The character of Foote was never so well described — considering the brevity of the sketch — as in Mr. Burke's volume of the "Annual Register" for 1777: —

Mr. Foote, as a private man, was sincere, generous, and humane. As no man ever contributed more to the entertainment of the public, so no man oftener made the minds of his companions expand with mirth and good-humor; and in the company of men of high rank and superior fortune, who courted his acquaintance, he always preserved a noble independency. That he had his foibles and

caprices no one will pretend to deny; but they were amply counterbalanced by his merits and abilities, which will transmit his name to posterity with distinguished reputation. "Alas, poor Yorick! Where be your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one, now. Alas, poor Yorick!"

The estimates formed by Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay of Samuel Foote, require considerable revision. They were partial and unjust. As the late John Forster remarked: —

When Sir Walter Scott speaks of the dramatist, it is as an unprincipled satirist, who, while he affected to be the terror of vice and folly, was only anxious to extort forbearance-money from the timid, or to fill his theatre at the indiscriminate expense of friends and enemies, virtuous or vicious, who presented foibles capable of being turned into ridicule. When Mr. Macaulay speaks of him, it is as a man whose mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but all caricature; and who could take off only some strange peculiarity, a stammer or a lisp, a Northampton burr, or an Irish brogue, a stoop or a shuffle.

We incline rather to Mr. Forster's estimate, that a careful examination of Foote's writings shows they are not unworthy of a higher place in literature than they now enjoy. His readiness on all occasions gave him great power, and frequently enabled him to carry off the victory when otherwise he would have been defeated and humiliated. Dr. Johnson and other competent judges admitted that there was much more in him than the simple buffoon, while he had a considerable stock of learning, and more wit and more command over humorous narrative than any contemporary member of his profession.

Foote was beyond question *facile princeps* in the art of joking and repartee. Many of his witticisms will live long after his comedies are forgotten. A volume might easily be compiled of his good things; and we shall make no apology for illustrating this side of his character by quoting some examples of his wit. Conversing one evening at the dinner table of a nobleman, he was interrupted at the culminating point of one of his best stories by the remark, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket."

"Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it; "you know the company better than I do." And then he finished his story.

At the same nobleman's table on another occasion, the host ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, extolling

at the same time its good qualities, and particularly its age. But the glasses he sent round scarcely held a thimbleful. "Fine wine, upon my soul!" said the wit, smacking his lips.

"Is it not very curious?" asked his lordship.

"Perfectly so, indeed," replied Foote; "I do not remember to have seen anything *so little of its age* in my life before."

The wit delighted in girding at Garrick whenever he had an opportunity. A young gentleman desirous of going on the stage asked Foote's opinion upon the various theatres; he replied that Garrick had certainly judgment to discern, and candor to allow of merit wherever he found it; but advised him to be cautious in making his bargain, for in that he would be too hard almost for the devil himself. He well reprov'd one who sought to extract fun out of his cork leg. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" he asked. "Did I ever say anything about your head?" Baron B——, a notorious gambler, being detected at Bath secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment threw him out of an upstairs room where they had been playing. The baron loudly complained of this usage to Foote, and asked what he should do. "Do," said the other; "why, it is a plain case — never play *so high* again as long as you live." A bombastic country squire was one morning boasting of the number of fashionable people he had called upon. "Among the rest," he observed, "I called upon my good friend, the Earl of Cholmondeley, but he was not at home." "That is exceedingly surprising," interposed Foote; "what, nor any of his pe-o-ple?"

A physician at Bath confided to Foote that he had a mind to publish a volume of poems; "but," he added, "I have so many irons in the fire I don't know what to do." "Then take my advice," rejoined the humorist, "and let your poems keep company with the rest of your irons." In the suite of Lord Townshend, lord lieutenant of Ireland, was a person who led a very strange and sometimes embarrassed life in London. "That is one of my gentlemen at large," said his Excellency; "do you know him?" "Very well," replied Foote; "and what you tell me of him is most extraordinary — first that he is a *gentleman*, and next that he is *at large*." The foolish Duke of Cumberland went one night into the green-room of the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," he began, "here I am, ready as usual to

swallow all your good things." "Really your Royal Highness must have an excellent digestion," retorted Foote, "for you never bring any of them up again." A person utterly destitute of tune was asked why he was always humming a certain air. "Because it haunts me," he replied. "No wonder, when you are forever murdering it." A mercantile man, who had written a poem, exacted from Foote a promise to listen to it. The author pompously began, "Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses Nine!" Pray, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote." "I am; nine and one are ten. Go on." Dr. Blair, having determined to write notes to an edition of "Ossian," Foote observed that the booksellers ought to allow a great discount to the purchasers. "Why so?" asked a gentleman present. "Because they are notes of — long credit," was the reply. Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coinage, the former pulled out his purse to pay the reckoning, and asked Garrick what he should do with a bright guinea he had. "Pshaw! it's worth nothing," said Garrick; "fling it to the devil." "Well, David," instantly replied the wit, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to *make a guinea go further* than any other man."

One anecdote probably furnished Goldsmith with the idea of Garrick's character developed in the poem "Retaliation." Garrick having performed Macbeth, a discussion upon the merits of the impersonation took place at the Bedford Coffee House. It was generally allowed that Garrick was the first actor on any stage. "Indeed, gentlemen," said Foote, "I don't think you have said half enough of him, for I think him not only the greatest actor *on* but *off* the stage." At one of Foote's dinner parties the arrival of Mr. Garrick's servants was announced. "Oh, let them wait," said Foote, adding in an audible tone to his own servant; "but, James, be sure you lock up the pantry." Sir William B——, a very profane man, called one day upon Foote, after witnessing Godfrey's experiment for extinguishing fires in houses, by throwing into the rooms some chemical balls which had been prepared. Foote inquired whether the balls answered, upon which Sir William said, "Aye, damme, they would extinguish hell fire." "Then," said Foote, "order a number of them to be put into your coffin." The foundation of another joke was subsequently used by Sydney Smith. One day, in a company where Foote was

present, the building of Richmond Bridge was discussed, and a gentleman asked whether the piers were to be built of wood or stone. "Stone, to be sure," said Foote, "for there are too many wooden *peers* already in this country." When Savigny—who was by trade a cutler—first appeared on the stage, Foote went to see him, and was in the same box with a lady who was greatly affected by the actor's tragic power. "Lord! he is very *cutting*, sir," she remarked. "That's not at all wonderful," replied the humorist, "for he is a *razor-grinder*." Being once asked why learned men are to be found in rich men's houses, Foote replied, "Because the first know what they want, and the latter don't." Lord——met Foote, one day, driving an elegant chariot, with four fine dun horses, through Hyde Park. His lordship accosted the actor: "So, Foote, you drive the duns, I see." "Yes, my lord," replied the other, "'tis high time, for they have driven me a long while."

Like Dr. Johnson, Foote had not a very exalted opinion of Scotland. A gentleman who had been with him through his tour in that country, having asked the wit what he thought the most agreeable thing in Scotland, "Why, to be plain with you," replied Foote, "the road to England is by much the finest thing you have in Scotland." Mrs. Foote being upon one occasion committed to the King's Bench Prison, she wrote to her son, who was then in a sponging-house for debt, as follows, "Dear Sam, I am now in prison!" Her dutiful son immediately responded, "Dear mother, so am I."

Foote never tired of roasting the lawyers with his wit, of which a sample may be given. A simple country farmer, who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, was complaining to him that the expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hat-bands, scarves, etc., were very great. "What, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote.

"Yes, to be sure we do; how else?"

"Oh, we never do that in London."

"No!" exclaimed the astonished countryman. "How do you manage?"

"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, throw open the sash, lock the door, and in the morning he is entirely off."

"Indeed!" said the other, amazed. "What becomes of him?"

"Why, that we cannot tell exactly; all we know is, *there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room next morning*."

One more anecdote only, out of the many which could still be cited, we will add. Selwyn records that Foote, having received much attention from the Eton boys, in showing him about the college, collected them round him in the quadrangle, and said, "Now, young gentlemen, what can I do for you to show you how much obliged I am to you?" "Tell us, Mr. Foote," begged the leader, "the best thing you ever said." "Why," rejoined Foote, "I once saw a little blackguard imp of a chimney-sweeper mounted on a noble steed, prancing and curvetting in all the pride and magnificence of nature. 'There,' said I, 'goes Warburton on Shakespeare.'"

There is the testimony of no less a person than Charles James Fox to the ability and versatility of Foote. Fox informed Rogers the poet that Lord William Bentinck once invited Foote to meet him and some others at dinner in St. James's Street, and that they were rather chagrined with their host, anticipating that the actor would prove a fiasco. "But we soon found," said Fox, "that we were mistaken. Whatever we talked about—whether fox-hunting, the turf, or any other subject—Foote instantly took the lead and delighted us all." Boswell one day ventured to enlarge before Johnson upon the superiority of the tragic over the comic actor. "If Betterton and Foote were to walk into this room," he observed, "you would respect Betterton much more than Foote." "Sir," replied Johnson, "if Betterton were to walk into this room with Foote, Foote would soon drive him out of it. Foote, sir, *quatenus* Foote, has powers superior to them all." In the rapidity and lightness of his wit, Foote was perhaps the superior of Sheridan, though the latter had frequently a clear, rapier-like thrust, which was quite beyond his brother humorist.

Coming now to Foote's plays, we find that there runs through all a strong personality, which gave them their original popularity; though this does not exhaust their claims to attention. The character drawing is extremely clever and vivid. Take, for example, the miser in "The Knights," who was personated by Foote himself, and very closely transferred to the stage the characteristics of a well-known Herefordshire knight. In the same piece, also, is Sir Gregory Gazette, equally distinguished for his individuality, and the type of many provincial politicians of the time. His education barely allowed him to apprehend the two sides of a ques-

tion, yet he never had any difficulty in asserting his views with the greatest freedom and pertinacity. Foote acknowledged that he met the principal characters in this piece during a summer's expedition; they were "neither vamped up from antiquated plays, pilfered from French farces, nor were they the baseless beings of a poet's brain." They were depicted in their plain, natural habit as they lived, and demanded nothing from the author save grouping them together and throwing them into action. The following is an amusing scene between one Hartop and Sir Gregory, and it well illustrates Foote's manner, and the gullibility of the political knight. Sir Gregory having been told that there were at least a hundred and fifty newspapers published in London in a week, and having inquired which was the best, this dialogue ensues:—

Har. Oh, Sir Gregory, they are as various in their excellences as in their uses. If you are inclined to blacken, by a couple of lines, the reputation of a neighbor, whose character neither you nor his whole life can possibly restore, you may do it for two shillings in one paper; if you are displaced, or disappointed of a place, a triplet against the Ministry will always be well received by the head of another.

Sir Greg. But what's all this to news, Mr. Hartop? Who gives us the best account of the King of Spain, the Queen of Hungary, and those great folks? Come, you could give us a little news if you would; come now—snug!—nobody by!—good now, do. Come, ever so little.

Har. Why, as you so largely contribute to the support of the Government, it is but fair you should know what they are about. We are at present in a treaty with the Pope.

Sir Greg. With the Pope! Wonderful! Good now, good now! How, how?

Har. We are to yield him up a large tract of the *Terra-incognita*, together with both the Needles, the Scilly Rocks, and Lizard Point, on the condition that the Pretender has the government of Laputa, and the Bishop of Greenland succeeds to St. Peter's Chair; he being, you know, a Protestant, when possessed of the Pontificals, issues out a bull, commanding all Catholics to be of his religion; they, deeming the Pope infallible, follow his directions; and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! Rare news, rare news! Ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop. But might I not just hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? 'Twould rejoice his heart.

Har. O fie! by no means.

Sir Greg. Only a line, a little hint—do now.
Har. Well, sir, it is difficult for me to refuse you anything.

Sir Greg. Ten thousand thanks! Now, the Pope—wonderful! I'll minute it down. Both the Needles?

Har. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now, I'll minute it. The Lizard Point—both the Needles—Scilly Rocks—Bishop of Greenland—St. Peter's Chair; why, then when this is finished we may chance to attack the Great Turk, and have Holy Wars again, Mr. Hartop.

Har. That is part of the scheme.

For ourselves, we regard "The Minor" as indubitably Foote's best comedy. It gave rise to a great religious war, as we have seen, and this probably helped to carry it through its thirty-four representations to full houses, and the fourteen or fifteen printed editions of the play. The quarrel with Whitefield did no harm to the piece from a business point of view.

Certain it is [justly remarks Mr. Forster] that such friends of Whitefield's as had the courage to risk encounter with Foote came off worsted from the conflict. His "Letter to the Reverend Author of Remarks, Critical and Christian, on 'The Minor,'" is a masterpiece of controversial writing, which, if all his other works had perished, would conclusively have established his wit, scholarship, and sense, as of the rarest order. Every line tells. Actors will find nowhere in the language a happier defence of the stage; and all scholars may admire the learning and modesty with which, rejecting for himself any comparison with Aristophanes, he rebukes the insolent ignorance which can find only malice and barbarity in such a writer, and such an age.

Foote's letter contained trenchant arguments in favor of public amusements.

What institution, human or divine [he asked] has not been perverted by bad men to bad purposes? Men have been drunk with wine; must then every vine be destroyed? Religion has been made a cloak for debauchery and fraud; must we then extirpate all religion? While there are such cities in the world as London, amusements must be found out as occupation for the idle, and relaxation for the active. All that sound policy can do is to take care that such only shall be established as are, if not useful in their tendency, at least harmless in their consequence.

It was not too much for a critic to say of "The Minor":—

Its three acts are worth almost any five we know. Overflowing with wit and good writing, there is also a serious and pathetic interest in them, as Holcroft found when they supplied him with his plot for "The Deserted Daughter;" and there is character in such wonderful variety, that Sheridan was able to carry quietly off from it (a liberty he often took with Foote) what was never missed in its abundance.

The comedy is equally excellent in situation as in literary execution. It is quite true that Sheridan borrowed very frequently from Foote; but then this whole question of indebtedness on the part of dramatic authors to each other is a very wide one. Foote himself was a borrower from Lope de Vega, Molière, and others; Molière and his contemporaries, French and English, likewise borrowed from preceding writers, and these predecessors were themselves adepts in the art of "conveying." Could we push this matter to its earliest manifestations, we should be greatly astonished at discovering how few are the original types of character in existence in any literature.

Steele and Foote appear to have been equally indebted to the "Menteur" of Corneille—the former in his "Lying Lovers," the latter in his comedy of "The Liar."

In "The Orators," Foote had a legitimate ground for his satire—the pretentiousness of those public speakers, the real value of whose orations is in inverse ratio to their length. Some of those hole-and-corner societies which in our day profess to adjudicate upon the affairs of England and of Europe might study this little comedy with advantage. Foote seems to have actually, and happily by all accounts, imitated the style and manner of Thomas Sheridan, who had just arrived in London for the purpose of putting the metropolis right on such matters as "the art of elocution" and "the art of reading." The play was produced on the day of Sheridan's appearance, and the dramatist severely damaged the elocutionist in the vital matter of his audience.

"The Commissary," a comedy in three acts, would serve to point the moral that, although England had done with the immorality of the court of Charles II., vice and corruption still openly flourished amongst certain classes of the community. The character of Mrs. Mechlin is worse in some respects than any which have been portrayed by Wycherley or Congreve. For the leading personages of this piece Foote was again indebted to Molière, just as in his "Devil upon Two Sticks" he was indebted to Le Sage. The latter comedy is a very sharp satire upon quackery, especially the medical part of it, while the pretenders in science and letters are also ruthlessly exposed. There is an excellent scene between Sir Thomas Maxwell and his sister Margaret, arising out of the former's close espionage over his daughter, to prevent her from eloping

with the clerk of a trader. Margaret is one of those reputedly learned ladies who assume an inflated style of speech. We append an amusing extract from the scene in question:—

Margaret. Woman is a microcosm, and rightly to rule her requires as great talents as to govern a State. And what says the aphorism of Cardinal Polignac? "If you would not have a person deceive you, be careful not to let him know you mistrust him." And so of your daughter.

Sir Thomas. Mrs. Margaret Maxwell, bestow your advice where it is wanted. Out of my depth? A likely story indeed, that I, who am fixed here in a national trust, appointed guardian of the English interest at the Court of Madrid, should not know how to manage a girl!

Margaret. And pray, Mr. Consul, what information will your station afford you? I do not deny your knowledge in export and import, nor doubt your skill in the difference between wet and dry goods. You may weigh with exactness the balance of trade, or explain the true spirit of a treaty of commerce—the surface, the mere skimmings of the political world.

Sir Thomas. Mighty well!

Margaret. But had you, with me, traced things to their original source; had you discovered all social subordination to arise from original compact; had you read Machiavel, Montesquieu, Locke, Bacon, Hobbes, Harrington, Hume; had you studied the political testaments of Alberoni and Cardinal Richelieu—

Sir Thomas. Mercy on us!

Margaret. Had you analyzed the Pragmatic Sanction and the family compact; had you toiled through the laborious pages of the Vinerian Professor, or estimated the prevailing manners with the Vicar of Newcastle; in a word, had you read Amicus upon Taxation, and Inimicus upon Representation, you would have known—

Sir Thomas. What?

Margaret. That in spite of the frippery of the French Salique Law, woman is a free agent, a noun-substantive entity, and, when treated with confidence—

Sir Thomas. Why, perhaps she may not abuse it; but still, my sage sister, it is but a *perhaps*; now, my method is certain, infallible; by confining her, I cannot be deceived.

Margaret. And pray, sir, what right have you to confine her? Look in your Puffendorf? Though born in Spain, she is a native of England; her birthright is liberty—a better patrimonial estate than any of your despotic countries could give her.

In "The Nabob" we have an easily recognizable type of character, the villain, who, after a profitable residence abroad, returns to his native land, there to apply his ill-gotten gold to the annoyance and sometimes to the ruin of his neighbors.

Nabob was a title generally employed to designate those who had returned with the spoils or the savings of an Oriental career; and the term "rich as a nabob" lingers still in some English counties. In Foote's time there was a man of this character who attained great notoriety, and it was his career which the dramatist set himself to depict. The writer indulges in a good deal of banter at the expense of the Antiquarian Society, some of whose members carried the passion for relics to a ridiculous excess.

"The Cozeners," which was performed for the first time in 1744, carries its purpose in its title:—

The sudden and unmerited elevation of persons without character, as well those who had not lived long enough in the world to acquire any, as those who might have forfeited a portion of theirs, begat in men's minds gross notions of venality regarding those who had to bestow such favors; the same poison descended into the lower ranks of life; even justice was supposed to have held the scales at a marketable price, and a conspiracy to defraud its ends, or to immolate victims at its bases, had been recently discovered.

Such corruption and venality Foote resolved to castigate. That noted corruptor and fashionable preacher, Dr. William Dodd, actually had the audacity to offer the lord chancellor a bribe, that he might step into a good living then vacant; but the result of his temerity acted as a salutary warning to others. The lord chancellor not only declined the proffered bribe, but struck off the name of Dodd from the list of the king's chaplains. Yet in spite of the lash of the satirist from Molière downward, cozening, we suppose, will prevail in some of its forms till the end of time.

What was the secret of Foote's power over his contemporaries, and what is the ground for our reasonable conviction that his works ought not to be allowed to sink into oblivion? The answer lies not only in the inherent wit of the comedies themselves, but in the fact that Foote took the dramatic tide at the ebb, and turned it to his own advantage. At the time he wrote, tragedy had altogether fallen from its high estate. No works of original power were produced, although Garrick shed a new lustre upon the stage by his wonderful impersonation of Shakespearian characters. But he was only one bright particular star upon a darkened horizon. Men like Lillo essayed a new groove in tragedy, but it was of an inferior range and quality, and the one famous tragedy of Foote's

day, Home's "Douglas," was the result of a close study of foreign writers. There was, it is true, a number of writers possessing wit and much humorous fancy, but comedy, too, was on the decline. Writers for the stage began to devote themselves to the burlesque side of the comic art, and political travesties became the order of the day. Fielding was amongst those who wasted their powers in this direction. Foote, being a man of quick and penetrating mind, at once perceived his opportunity, and struck in. He saw that the element of farce was one which had not been made the most of in comedy, and by using it in conjunction with a real satiric faculty in portraying the follies of the day, he attained success. That the result did not belie his expectations, is shown in the fact that he was described as the English Aristophanes.

If in all its breadth and fulness, Foote was not entitled to this epithet of "the English Aristophanes," there were yet some aspects of his character (as will have been gathered from a preceding observation) in which the learned Greek and world-famous humorist might readily have acknowledged kinship with the English dramatist. Although separated by so many centuries, they had common qualities. In both is witnessed a perfect *abandon* of humor; there is no hesitation, no endeavor to count the cost before the satirist swoops down on his prey. Both were the scourgers of their age. But in the case of Aristophanes there was the imposing background of genius which is lacking in Foote. For that reason, the epithet applied to the latter is as flattering to the English dramatist as it is unjust to his far greater prototype.

Yet if humor and satire as salutary social forces require an apology, this apology may unquestionably be discovered in the witty and entertaining writings of Samuel Foote.

From The Spectator.

THE POET OF ELEGY.

GRAY will always, we suppose, hold, by virtue rather of earlier claim than of prior right, the first nominal place amongst our elegaic poets. The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is so beautiful and so simple, so entirely devoid of anything that is "caviare to the general," and reflects so perfectly that mood of gentle regret which is neither too gloomy for fascination nor

too intense for a quietly imaginative heart, that it has almost stamped him on the national mind as the elegiac poet of our country. But the present writer at least is convinced that neither the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," nor the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," beautiful as each is, touches so high a point in the elegiac poetry of our country as some half-dozen of Matthew Arnold's poems. Just glance over the edition of his poems in three volumes which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued; you will be struck by the fact that *all* the finest poems in all three, even though professing to be lyric, or dramatic, or narrative, are in their finest passages and happiest thoughts essentially poems of elegy,—by which we mean poems of exquisite regret,—and not, in fact, poems of longing, or of passion, or of character, or of heroic venture. Even the beautiful early poem on the Church of Brou is essentially elegiac.

"Youth and Calm," again, contains the very heart of elegy:—

But ah! though peace indeed is here,
And ease from shame and rest from fear,
Though nothing can dismarble now
The smoothness of that limpid brow,
Yet is a calm like this in truth
The crowning end of life and youth?
And when this boon rewards the dead
Are all debts paid, has all been said?
And is the heart of youth so light,
Its step so firm, its eye so bright,
Because on its hot brow there blows
A wind of promise and repose
From the far grave to which it goes?
Because it has the hope to come
One day to harbor in its tomb?
Ah no! the bliss youth dreams is one
For daylight and the cheerful sun,
For feeling nerves and living breath,
Youth dreams a bliss on this side death.
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble sleep.
It hears a voice within it tell,—
"Calm's not life's crown, but calm is well."
'Tis all, perhaps, which man acquires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires.

That is an early poem (and we take leave to print it as it was first published, and not as it has been re-edited by its author), and one in which the elegiac tone is not perhaps hit with the perfect felicity of later years; but still it has the very life of the poet in it, and marks, as distinctly as Goethe's early songs marked, the region in which the verse of the poet who produced it was destined to excel. It is the same with the rather enigmatic but still most powerful early lines addressed "To a Gipsy Child by the Seashore." It

is the same again with the touching lines entitled "Resignation,"—also an early poem,—which in its close gives us another and most pathetic variation on the note of exquisite regret:—

Enough we live, and if a life
With large results so little rife,
Though bearable, seem hardly worth
This pomp of worlds, this pain of birth;
Yet Fausta, the mute turf we tread,
The solemn hills around us spread,
This stream which falls incessantly,
The strange-scrawl'd rocks, the lonely sky,
If I might lend their life a voice,
Seem to bear, rather than rejoice.
And even could the intemperate prayer
Man iterates, while these forbear,
For movement, for an ampler sphere,
Pierce fate's impenetrable ear;
Not milder is the general lot
Because our spirits have forgot,
In action's dizzying eddy whirl'd,
The something that infects the world.

Even of the narrative poems, far the most effective parts are written in the elegiac mood. There is nothing so fine in "Sohrab and Rustum" as the beautiful elegiac close describing the course of the Oxus to the Aral Sea. "The Sick King in Bokhara" is one of the most beautiful of these poems; but the beauty in it is chiefly the beauty of the regret with which the king pities and commemorates the sorrow he could not cure. The whole tone of "Tristram and Iseult" is elegiac, a chastened review of passion spent and past, not of passion strong and present. And it is the same with "The Forsaken Merman."

Or take the poems which Mr. Arnold himself calls lyric, and you will find that all the more effective of them are really elegiac in tone. Is not the poem on isolation, in which the deep regret is poured forth that "we mortal millions live alone,"—that it is a God who

bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea,

much more truly elegiac than lyric? Shelley, the great poet of desire, is the true type of a lyric poet. Tennyson is great alike in reflection, in regret, and in description, and sometimes in lyrical feeling. But Matthew Arnold is hardly a lyric poet. His face is never turned to the future. His noblest feeling is always for the past. If he ever tries to delineate the new age, he only succeeds in breaking into praise of the age which is passed away:—

Poet, what ails thee, then?
Say why so mute?

Forth with thy praising voice!
 Fort with thy flute!
 Loiterer, why sittest thou
 Sunk in thy dream?
 Tempts not the bright new age?
 Shines not its stream?
 Look, ah, what genius,
 Art, science, wit!
 Soldiers like Cæsar,
 Statesmen like Pitt!
 Sculptors like Phidias,
 Raphaels in shoals,
 Poets like Shakespeare,
 Beautiful souls!
 See on their glowing cheeks
 Heavenly the flush!
 — Ah, so the silence was,
 So was the hush!

When we come to the professedly elegiac poems of Matthew Arnold, we see how entirely the genius of the poet is expressed in the spirit of elegy. The present writer would not hesitate, much as he admires Gray's two exquisite elegiac poems, to place at least seven of Matthew Arnold's above them in almost every quality of genius, — namely, "The Scholar-Gipsy," "Thyrsis," "A Southern Night," "Memorial Verses" (on Byron, Goethe, and Wordsworth), "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," and the two sets of stanzas in memory of the author of "Obermann." But these poems are all deservedly famous, and it needs no criticism of ours to make those who love them observe that they are not merely confessedly elegiac, but that they express the mood in which sad thoughts bring sweet thoughts to the mind as perfectly as ever poet expressed it yet.

We would rather at present call attention to the poems here just republished, called "Later Poems," in proof of our assertion that Matthew Arnold is one of the greatest — perhaps the greatest — of our elegiac poets. Of these the first is confessedly elegiac, as it is a poem on the death of the late Dean of Westminster; and though not comparable in beauty to the one on the death of Clough ("Thyrsis"), it is still stamped with the wistful tenderness of Mr. Arnold's genius. Who can fail to see the beauty of the regret in the following stanza? —

And truly he who here
 Hath run his bright career,
 And served men nobly and acceptance found,
 And borne to light and right his witness high,
 What could he better wish than then to die,
 And wait the issue sleeping underground?

Why should he pray to range
 Down the long age of truth that ripens slow,
 And break his heart with all the baffling
 change,
 And all the tedious tossing to and fro?

But the chief new evidence of Matthew Arnold's genius for elegy is that afforded by the two beautiful elegies, for we can call them nothing less, on the death of the dachshund "Geist," and of the little canary "Matthias." In the last century, Cowper, who was then the most natural and happy of the poets who celebrated creatures of a less reasoning race than our own, wrote of his dog "Beau" with sincere enough affection, but in a mood of comparatively jejune morality: —

I saw him with that lily cropped
 Impatient swim to meet
 My quick approach, and soon he dropped
 The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, the world, I cried,
 Shall hear of this thy deed,
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed.

But chief, myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine
 To Him who gives me all.

But compare with that Matthew Arnold's far more truly pathetic commemoration of "Geist: —

That loving heart, that patient soul,
 Had they indeed no longer span
 To run their course and reach their goal,
 And read their homily to man?

That liquid melancholy eye,
 From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
 Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,
 The sense of tears in mortal things.

That steadfast mournful strain consoled
 By spirits gloriously gay
 And temper of heroic mould, —
 What, was four years their whole short day?

We stroke thy broad, brown paws again,
 We bid thee to thy vacant chair;
 We greet thee by the window-pane,
 We hear thy scuffle on the stair.

We see the flaps of thy large ears
 Quick raised to ask which way we go;
 Crossing the frozen lake appears
 Thy small black figure on the snow.

If that be not true elegy, we know not what true elegy is. Again, take the exquisite lines on "The Canary," lines all the more striking, that the chief note of them is the poet's admission of his incompetence to grieve for "poor Matthias" as he had grieved for "Geist." Here, again, we think of Cowper, and recall with what humor, with what fanciful originality, he made a new poem of Vincent Bourne's Latin lines on the jackdaw perched on the vane of the church steeple, — how he

transformed and transfigured them into true humor: —

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No, not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physis, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says — what says he? — Caw!

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

That is much more than a translation of such lines as these: —

*Concurus spectat, plateaque negotia in omni,
Omnia pro nugis at sapienter habet,
Clamores, quos infra audit, si forsitan audit,
Pro rebus nihili negligit, et crocitat.
Ille tibi invidet, felix cornicula, pennas,
Qui sic humanis rebus abesse velit.*

Now listen to Matthew Arnold also musing on a bird, and observe the still deeper — the much deeper — note which he strikes: —

Birds, companions, more unknown
Live beside us, but alone;
Finding not, do all they can,
Passage from their souls to man.
Kindness we bestow, and praise
Laud their plumage, greet their lays,
Still beneath their feather'd breast
Stirs a history unexpress'd.
Wishes there and feelings strong
Incommunicably throng;
What they want we cannot guess,
Fail to track their deep distress.
Dull look on when death is nigh,
Note no change, and let them die.
Poor Matthias, could'st thou speak,
What a tale of thy last week!
Every morning did we pay
Stupid salutations gay,
Suited well to health, but how
Mocking, how incongruous now!
Cake we offered, sugar, seed,
Never doubtful of thy need;
Praised perhaps thy lustrous eye,
Praised thy golden livery.
Gravely thou, the while, poor dear,
Sat'st upon thy perch to hear,
Fixing with a mute regard
Us, thy human keepers, hard,
Troubling with our chatter vain,
Ebb of life and mortal pain, —
Us, unable to divine
Our companion's dying sign,

Or o'erpass the severing sea
Set betwixt ourselves and thee,
Till the sand thy feathers smirch,
Fallen dying off thy perch!

Birds, we but repeat in you
What amongst ourselves we do.
Somewhat more or somewhat less,
'Tis the same unskilfulness.
What you feel escapes our ken,
Know we more our fellow-men?
Human suffering at our side,
Ah, like yours, is undescried!
Human longings, human fears,
Miss our eyes and miss our ears.
Little helping, wounding much,
Dull of heart and hard of touch,
Brother man's despairing sign
Who may trust us to divine?
Who assure us, sundering powers
Stand not 'twixt his soul and ours.

Was there ever a lighter, happier touch for true elegy than this? "The sense of tears in mortal things" was never more gently, more tenderly expressed.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A CHINESE ASCOT.

THE Hong Kong race-week is one of those rare occasions when the Chinese come out of their swarming ant-hills, habitually so difficult of penetration to strangers. When, in the afternoon of the cup day, I descend from a residence half-way up the Peak — the healthy, cool Elysium overlooking the beautiful harbor, and contrasting with the hot Tartarus of the town — I find the broad, handsome main road taken possession of for miles by a swiftly circulating mass of chattering, pig-tailed, and most uncanny-looking Chinese, with their equally strange-looking vehicles. Their means of passenger transport are two — the light covered arm-chair carried by means of bamboo poles on the shoulders of two coolies, and the rickshaw, a two-wheeled vehicle about the size of a roomy Bath chair, furnished with a pair of shafts, between which is placed, not a horse, a mule, a pony, or even a donkey, but one of those unceasingly toiling Chinese who are of opinion that no labor is too severe, and not even draught work is derogatory, if there are a few cents to be looked for at the end. The sedan chair is the transport of dignity, deliberation, and dulness, but the rickshaw corresponds with the sleigh of Canada, the gondola of Venice, or the hansom cab of London. "Lickshaw, lick-

shaw!"—they cannot manage our "r"—shout half-a-dozen eager competitors to the instantly-spied-out Englishman whose nation has acclimatized in the Celestial Empire this strange festivity of racing. I nod assent and jump in, exclaiming "Racecourse;" probably the only English word comprehensible to the coolie, who, placing himself between the shafts, starts off at a sharp trot, slips into the first gap in the string, and we become one of the moving atoms of the evenly flowing current.

My first thought was one which suggested the title of this paper—"A Chinese Ascot;" an absurdly unconscious burlesque of its prototype, it is true, but this merely illustrates the fact that the characteristics of racing are identical in Surrey and in Hong Kong. The rows of rickshaws, about three deep, every one at a brisk trot, with not an inch interval in front, behind, or on one side, are kept rigidly in their places by tall, stalwart policemen, English or Sikhs, stationed along the route; and if any driver or horse—one and the same in the present case—dares to deviate from the prescribed line, the policeman, with great tact and sagacity, instantly steps forward and whacks him—not taps him, but showers down hearty whacks on the offender's hollow-sounding, shaven skull, who, so far from defiantly desiring his high-handed assailant to "come on," submissively, and quite as a matter of course, rubs his pate, dodges between the shafts or wheels, and resumes his journey not one pin the worse for his rough handling.

Trot, trot, trot, along the smooth, sunny, but bamboo-shaded highroad, I have a little leisure now to observe these astonishing rickshaw coolies. They wear the enormous traditional mushroom Chinese hat, suitable in case either of beating rain or fierce sun, under which are tucked their hard plaited pigtails—for even a coolie would feel himself disgraced were he minus a pigtail. They are bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-armed, and wear just sufficient rags to save themselves from the charge of indekacy. Their skins are sallow, their Mongolian faces are pinched, their stature is small, their limbs seem attenuated and loosely put together. And yet these demoniacal-looking wretches, to call whom "brethren" is indeed a heavy demand on our charity, throw themselves forward into the shafts and drag their carriages with its passengers, who may be ten or may be twenty stone, not at a walk, or a shuffle, or an amble, but at a good

round trot of about six miles an hour. They neither flag, pant, nor perspire, but keep up this pace for two or three miles at a stretch. Would not the most renowned European athlete or pedestrian be but a feeble coney in comparison? Moreover, these coolies have to content themselves at the end of their journey with five cents—a cent is a fraction less than a halfpenny. They exult if they receive ten cents, and consider the donor an utter fool if he gives them fifteen cents.

The first sensations at being conveyed in a rickshaw are those of mingled amusement and shame. One likens oneself to a drunken masquerader or to an ostentatious buffoon. Then habit begets indifference. Dignitaries of the Church, dignitaries of the government, dignitaries of the law, soldiers, sailors, and even the well-to-do Chinese, all have recourse to them; and the sergeant in his rickshaw salutes the colonel in *his* rickshaw with precisely the same gravity as though both were on parade. Perhaps the full absurdity can be best realized by considering what would be the effect produced were the Dean of Westminster to be trundled in a wheelbarrow down Piccadilly by a dirty, ragged little London Arab.

But we must not lose sight altogether of a very important element in the throng, the sedan chairs. These are more suitable for the staid elderly ladies, and for the "spins (Anglice, spinsters) long in the tooth," as Jockey Hong Kong would designate them. "Sweet seventeen" is not one of the productions of the soil. The bearers, two or—if the weight of the lovely burden should try the supporting bamboo poles—four in number, shuffle rapidly and unweariedly along, and the occupants, perched high in the air, endeavor to look dignified, but only succeed in appearing supremely absurd. Their coolies, if in private employment, are habitually clad in light, bright cotton liveries—barefooted of course—and the effect is thoroughly Oriental and rather pretty. There, I see, is the chair belonging to the establishment of the governor of the colony. It is borne by four coolies in our brilliant national scarlet uniform, and this dazzling color in the midst of the Chinese green, yellow, and blue really looks very imposing. There is a different sort of chair, carefully covered and closed around with straw lattice work. It veils from public view some Chinese beauty of high degree. But as I pass I strain my eyes to obtain a glimpse, and am of opinion that she is a foot-deformed, high-cheek-boned,

wide-mouthed, leprous-white, rouge-ruddled dwarf, in whose behalf it is not worth while to strain one's eyes.

Soldiers under the rank of sergeant are forbidden by garrison orders to travel in rickshaws, so there are but few of the scarlet Buffs or blue Artillery men along the road, who, with their warlike, serviceable-looking white helmets, add such picturesqueness to the scene; but the route is freely interspersed with Jack ashore, especially where our journey leads us along the busy quays — English Jack, French Jack, German Jack, Russian Jack, and Italian Jack from the vessels in the harbor, the shipping of which may be estimated from the fact that in 1882 the tonnage which entered the port was five millions, or somewhat greater than that which entered London in the year Hong Kong was acquired — 1842.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and the sense of fun, of being out for a day's novel lark, seems to soften even the bureaucratic swagger and pedantry of Teutonic strangers. At all events the faces of all the blue-jackets are beaming with merriment at the contrast between their Simon Legree sort of servitude on board ship, and the sensation of being toiled for instead of being themselves the subjects of hounding and vituperation.

Thus far I have been chiefly noting the European race-going folk, but as a matter of fact the Europeans are only as units among thousands. True, the natives, high and low, rich and poor, afoot or transported, will instantly shrink aside at the incessant warning "Hyah" of the running coolie, who thus intimates that he is conveying an Englishman in all the pride, a pride which is not without its merits, of the ruling race, but the enormous majority of the streaming throng is of course Asiatic Chinese. They are of all classes, and are enjoying themselves in their way, to judge from the incessant wooden clatter of their uncouth language, so desperately difficult that only erudite sages and infant English children brought up by Chinese nurses (*amas*) can master it. Here and there are some Sikhs, and there is that about these grave, dignified Orientals — nature's gentlemen, albeit I like not the misused term — which instantly dispels all notion of ridicule or contempt; there are some Madrassesees, far inferior to their other congeners of India; and there again are some snuffy Parsee merchants, eager, rich, covetous-looking — types of Shylock, or Isaac of York, or of Faust ere the ex-

orcism of shabby clothes and wrinkles enabled him to captivate Margaret.

Hitherto I have been bowling through strange rows of houses, through wonderful China-town, so unlike aught else in the world that not Gulliver, when he found himself in Laputa, could have been more amazed at the marvellous sights and people which he beheld. Now, as I emerge into the country, the scene changes as Sunningdale varies from Hyde Park Corner. The route is lined with palms, with banyan-trees, and with bamboos, and the red, fever-causing, disintegrated granite dust flies up into our faces. Up go the umbrellas. The multitude are satisfied with the picturesque blue "Gamps," while the Chinese Beau Brummels proudly shade themselves with "Briggs," evidently a very high mark of distinction. Uphill, and my trotting coolie never flags; downhill, and his speed becomes so break-neck that every moment I expect an upset, a collision, or a smash, irrespective of the contingency of broken bones to a few English foot-travellers who would scorn to move out of the way for any number of Chinese cries of "Hyah." "My breechless friend, I entreat of you to moderate your pace." But not one word does he, or will he, understand. Indeed, the Chinese, so apt in learning many things, are singularly dull in picking up English, and, all, with very few exceptions, are totally ignorant of our language — unless, indeed, the case be, as some French naval officers assured me, that they simulate for convenience' sake ignorance — but loud tones and a few smacks soon impart to them the required knowledge.

Now we pass an enclosure over the gateway of which are inscribed the words "Hodie mihi, cras tibi," freely translated "Your turn next." It is the Christian cemetery, the "Happy Valley," as it is not inaptly locally termed. It would be out of place were I to enlarge on this beautifully undulating spot, but I cannot forbear saying that in tranquil loveliness this God's acre is by far the most perfect I have ever seen, while the tombstone records of youthful and wholesale deaths must affect even the most frivolous visitor with seriousness.

Here we are at the entrance to the grand stand. My coolie almost grovels on the ground in his ecstasy of delight at receiving tennepence for the performance of a labor which would lay up most athletes for a week, and hastens off in quest of a new but probably less profitable fare. A payment of about five dollars procures

admission to the lawn, and once more the strangeness of the scene seems for a time to baffle any systematic observation, however painstaking. In lieu of stands are some seven or eight large mat-houses, light, picturesque structures supported on bamboo poles, with sides and roofs of rushes, and decorated with tropical evergreens and bright cloth or calico, the effect of which is excessively pretty. Each mat-house is the property of some one private individual or of an association, and the refreshments provided are so costly and abundant, that the imputation of excessive eating and immoderate drinking can scarcely be resented. One species of decoration is deplorably wanting—pretty women. There are certainly a few nicely dressed pretty English ladies, the wives of officials whom capricious ill-fortune has shot into an exile far more complete than exists in any other part of the world; but there is equally certainly a collection of dirty-gloved, tawdry-ribboned, unhandsome, fast vulgarians, who ape the patronesses of Ascot in the gaudy elaboration of their dress, and differ from them in their entire ill-success.

The race crowd, without which a race meeting is as dull as a German steeplechase, is of large proportions, with representatives of almost every Asiatic State, but of course Chinese enormously preponderate. Nearly all are chattering, and quite all are in high good humor, enjoying the general sense of holiday. Not a single case of drunkenness did I see—no bickering, no rowdyism, and yet no lack of fun. Our scarlet-coated soldiers, though few in comparison with the grand totals, stand out with singular distinctness, and catch the eye above all other objects.

The saddling-bell rings, the numbers are hoisted, a thud of hoof announces the preliminary canter. Well, what of the racing? Beneath criticism, almost beneath contempt. The ponies are from Australia, Japan, or Chefoo—doubtless serviceable for the work of their respective countries, but as racers, wretched, weedy, groggy, undersized brutes; while the chief features to be noticed of the amateur jockeys are the paraphernalia of their business, the preposterous length of their legs, their heavy weights, their horse-coping idiosyncrasies, and their indifferent riding.

I bought a very average type of racer for 6*l.* 10*s.* In fact, the sport is merely a peg on which to hang the love of gambling, which, like the love of drink, runs very high in this part of the world. In-

numerable and high-prize lotteries are started, and three-legged screws are merely bought and entered on the off chance of winning the stakes, which, in addition, are very considerable.

"Three to one bar one" is an unknown cry on this course—all the better, perhaps—and the excitement among the masses of Chinese is *nil*. As the ponies gallop past the post, the English, it is true, begin to cheer; but a cheer, unless contributed to by many voices, sounds as artificial as stage shouting behind the scenes.

Let us give up *le sport* as a bad job. There is plenty else to admire of which Ascot has never dreamed. The excellent racecourse is situated at the very bottom of one of nature's splendid amphitheatres, and if we lose a little in a tendency to swampiness, we gain enormously in the green soft turf. Our immediate edging is of unbroken lines of bamboo—that tree which shows how nature can be perfectly straight and stiff, and yet perfectly graceful. Then there is an upward sloping mass of palm and banyan foliage; then, higher, the austere but friendly-looking Scotch fir; then, to crown all, the vast framework of rugged hills, both in form and in heathery aspect recalling the "coils" about Deeside Ballater, only their denizens are eagles and cobras instead of grouse and roe deer. Still further, through a large gap, are the red mountains of the China mainland, overlooking Kowloon, nobly setting off the relatively lower level beauties of the Hong Kong racecourse.

While pondering on the scene, my attention is suddenly aroused by an unwonted hum, bustle, and excitement among the Chinese mob. A race is in course of being run, but to this incident they are habitually very indifferent. Something unusual is certainly arousing them. Here come the horses. How queer the jockeys look, how strangely they are hunched up, how wildly they throw their arms about, how fiercely they flog, what diabolical faces—and, bless my heart, why, they have got pigtailed streaming in the wind! The puzzle is explained. It is a race ridden under special arrangements by Chinese *mafoos*, or grooms—the best race of the meeting, the only one which has caused any real enthusiasm. Roused by the half laughter, half cheers, of their white masters, stimulated by the cries of their fellow-countrymen—"Go it, Fordham!" I once heard an encouraging Chinese lad shout—the ma-

foos, as they "finish" up their Walpurgis ride, wild with excitement, seem to have lost still further their semblance to humanity, and to be transformed into distorted-visaged, horribly frenzied demons. The race over, how they strutted about in all the pride of jockey caps and jackets, and how they clung to their costume to the last possible moment!

The tenants of the numerous mat-fashioned grand stands belonging to the higher-class natives have become very jubilant and vivacious in consequence of the above-described race, and I avail myself of an opportunity to enter one tenanted chiefly by Chinese and Japanese ladies. I must confess that my bashfulness compelled me to retreat after a very few moments from the battery of their half wondering, half scornful glances at the European intruder, but not before I had time to remark that their faces were flushed all over with skilfully applied pink tints, excepting in patches, which revealed disagreeably even and intensely opaque whiteness. Their eyebrows were pencilled into narrow, stiff arches; their headdress, vests, and trousers — for in China all the women wear large, loose trousers — were of variegated colors, quite ingenious in their contrasts and brightness; their black hair was dragged back into lumpy, slimy rolls like jelly fish; their stature was ugly and stunted, and their feet, their extraordinary feet, in many cases had been contracted since childhood into mere deformed knobs, hideous to look at, on which they painfully tottered for a few yards.

At the conclusion of the races they were conveyed away in a body in chairs; and as the procession hindered the traffic, the English policemen whacked the bearers, and — did not whack the girls.

By-and-by there is a ceremonious stir about the picturesquely decorated stand of the governor, Sir George Bowen; the Japanese mission, consisting of General Oyama and fourteen members of the suite, on their way to Paris and London, are ushered in, and a great deal of rather grotesque bowing and somewhat dumb show ensues. Dumb, because the visitors cannot speak one word of English, but flounder in bad French and worse German. Indeed, if one may judge from a numerous representative mission, it would appear, notwithstanding the much belauded progress of Japan, that her civilization is but a thin veneer. After the interchange of a few conventional, superficial phrases, it becomes apparent that their knowledge of the world, their practical information

concerning administration and science, and even their book learning, are exceedingly small. In fact, it is scarcely unfair to say that their civilization is comprised in a glossy black coat, a Lincoln and Bennett hat, a pair of yellow kid gloves, and an aptitude for making a bow.

My curiosity in the *élite* of the Chinese Ascot meeting is, however, now appeased. Perhaps even more interest and fun is to be dug out of the native rascaldom who have clustered in such numerous thousands on the other side of the course, and from whom we are separated by a wide, deep, wet ditch running parallel to the grand-stand side of the rails. A welsheer would certainly view this handy ditch with mistrust, but I noticed a Chinese imp utilize it with much ingenuity. Pursued and gradually overtaken by an infuriated and whip-brandishing jockey, the fugitive, at the critical moment, waded through the slime and water, from whence he telegraphed to his baffled foe those signs of ridicule and contempt which have been adopted by urchin impudence all over the world.

A wide detour round the ditch brings us into the very thick of China racecourse dregs. Yet these dregs differ from their English congeners in being friends of soap and water, and destitute of *esprit de corps*. There are no shooting-stalls, no shows, and no Aunt Sallies — real cracks over their own heads, which must be received with patience, are so frequent that they lose the zest of a joke — but in lieu of them, gambling-booths of every shade and description illustrate the Chinese passion for play. Gambling-booths for large sums, gambling-booths for small sums, gambling-booths for nicknacks, gambling-booths for high-priced drinkables, gambling-booths for low-priced carrion; each booth with an eager throng of both sexes and of all ages around it, which renders circulation difficult.

Private Thomas Atkins thinks it will be pleasant and easy to win a dollar or so from the heathen Chinese, but ere long he discovers that he has been bested, and that the heathen Chinese is infinitely too clever for him.

What is that turmoil I see in the distance, with a scuttling about of the crowd, among whom two white-helmeted redcoats are conspicuously prominent? Enraged at having been "done" at the native *rouge et noir*, they put in practice a little lynch law, tear down the fragile canvas booth, arm themselves with the supporting bamboo poles, clear a space by whirling

them around like the arms of a windmill, impartially rain down cracks on the skulls of the unresisting surrrounders, and then quietly withdraw to a more reputable part of the course. Each party is perfectly satisfied; the Chinese sharper gloats over his filched gains, and the soldiers think they have taken change in the vengeance they have executed.

The fracas has scarcely interrupted the flow, or rather the torrent, of gambling. This young imp, of about eight years old, is really a study of innate human nature in this department of vice. He is gambling for his dinner at the booth of a wrinkled, demoniacal, loathsome old male atrocity, and still more loathsome hag. A form of "blind hookey" is, I fancy, the favorite form of vice. Coin after coin, each worth about one-fifth of a farthing, he loses at his ventures. The imp's face lowers, and his features become contorted with angry excitement; faster, faster he plays, regardless of his fifts of farthings, until at last he wins. With a growl one would never have supposed that babyish throat could have emitted, he dashes on one side up to the tray of raw meat, seizes a lump of horrible garbage with singular dexterity by means of chop-sticks, plunges it into a kettle of boiling rancid grease, and then rams the dreadful morsel into his throat. His cheeks are distended to near bursting, the tears of scalding suffocation stand in his eyes, and he nearly chokes; but still he wears your thorough gambler's expression of delight at having at last won. Childhood's innocence is not a pretty sight out here. Are these creatures really akin to English childhood?

After all, the love of gambling is more or less common to all nations, and here the representatives are singularly diversified. Look at that group crowding around another gaming-booth. Mingled with the demon Chinese are stray specimens of English, French, Germans, Italians, and Russians from the ironclads in the harbor; of tallow, unwholesome Portuguese from their settlement at Macao; of stalwart dignified Punjaubees, of mean-looking Madrassees, of snuffy Shylock Arabs, of effeminate stunted Japanese. "Of what country is that man there?" I asked a Madras Lascar, pointing to a nondescript, strange old villanous specimen, who altogether baffles my cognisance. "Seaman, sar, but I find out," says the Lascar, delighted at being thus appealed to as an authority by a European. "You old man of sea," singling him out imperiously, "you come here. Major Sahib want to know what your country," and, rather to

my dismay, the weird old man feebly totters up to me, and, salaaming with a humility which is painful to witness, quavers out a few words to his swaggering interrogator. "Old man of sea, old Malay pirate, sar." I am not surprised. Doubtless he has cut many a throat in his time.

Evening closes in as the last race is run, and so I set out on foot, as a variety, on my way homeward. There is the same dust, the same aspect of fatigue common to the conclusion of all race meetings; the same tokens of dissatisfied realization common to experience of all so-called pleasures, but not the same quarrelling, drunkenness, and rowdiness habitual in England. The English are too much in a minority to render tipsiness prominent, and the Chinaman is at all events a good-tempered fellow; if bullied, he is submissive; and if hustled, he laughs—a wooden, joyless laugh, but still a laugh. The police really have some difficulty in exemplifying their utility. Perhaps an inexperienced rickshaw coolie tries on a little extortion or cheek. You mention it casually to the English watch-dog. "Oh, did he, sir? thank you," he replies gratefully, bolts after the man whom he assumes to have been tried, convicted, and sentenced, and administers the one inviolable Hong Kong panacea—he soundly whacks his skull until the criminal dodges, runs, and finally escapes. These police comprise a great many grades, shades, and races, as is a characteristic feature of all Hong Kong humanity. The imperious and imperial European policeman; the efficient, proud, taciturn, turbaned Sikh; and the trumpery native watchman, incapable of saying "Bo" even to his compatriots, and dressed up to resemble a valuable, rare old China chimney ornament, equally ugly, and equally worthless.

What is this fragrant and yet somewhat sickly smell, a mixture of burning spills and sandal-wood, emanating from some of the closed chairs conveying home the Chinese ladies? It is due to the joss-sticks, in consuming which they utilize their leisure moments, an exercise which they consider as equivalent to an act of worship.

Well, this afternoon has afforded me one more opportunity of observing the various features of various types of Chinese population. Am I favorably impressed? They are certainly industrious to a remarkable extent, intelligent, sober, and good-tempered—rare combinations of rare virtues—and yet my feeling is one of abhorrence. Their sly civilization, their crafty dealing, their apparent ab-

sence of what I may call kindly feelings, their inhumanlike expression, even their beardless, smooth faces, their high cheek bones, their Mongolian mouths, their long slit eyes, and their flat noses, all give one a feeling of extreme repugnance. I would regard more as my brethren the scoundrelly Egyptians, the scowling Malays, even the half-women Cingalese, than these more than semi-civilized Chinese, who, as they shuffle along in never-ending haste, and with the wooden clatter of their discordant chatter, seem to me like the emissaries of some evil spiritual potentate intent on the performance of some malignant errand.

Rapidly, yet steadily, the pedestrian, the sedan chair, and the rickshaw lines of wayfarers stream into the orderly, quiet town, just beginning to glitter with gas jets from the English lamp-posts — those ubiquitous lamp-posts which in common with the gallows may now be regarded as the symbol of advancing civilization. If I have been successful in my attempts at delineation, the reader will admit that the beauties of Hong Kong — though splendid and numerous — may be exceeded by those of other climes; but that in marvels of scene, people, and human nature generally, there is nothing to exceed a Chinese Ascot.

SANDWICH. — Sandwich rose on the decline of the other ports; and in the time of Canute it is called "the most famous of all the harbors of England." It is the most ancient of the Cinque Ports, and all ports or creeks on the Kentish coast are "members" of it. It continued to exist as a great port until about the year 1500, when the haven began to silt up. In another century it was quite closed. Traffic had passed away. The town was slowly assuming the fossilized appearance which now makes it so remarkable, and the green marshland had stretched itself into the shallow estuary; not perhaps so far as at present, but far enough to convert both Richborough and Ebbsfleet into inland places. There is no town in England, not even among the quaintest old-seaports, which can be said closely to resemble Sandwich. Where the sea has left other harbors, the towns connected with them have either been abandoned or have quite changed their character. Sandwich alone has lingered on through the centuries, with little alteration or improvement, still much the same as in the days of the earlier, Tudor, or even of the Plantagenet, kings. Time has only moulded the several parts, if not into beauty, yet into such masses of quaint form and harmonious coloring as may well delight the visitor. Trees close up round parts of the walk which has been formed on the old walls, and here and there intrude on the deep fosse into which the round angle towers project themselves. Within the walls, the great tower of St. Clement's and the masses of other churches rise above the lower roofs. Great open spaces, gardens, and orchards lie here and there between the houses, just as within some Flemish boulevard, and add their own beauty to the scene. Then, as we come on a venerable gateway, opening to a bridge which crosses the channel of the Stour, we pause to admire the strangely picturesque, yet most simple composition (if such an artist's word may be used) which lies before us: the roof, tinted with a yellowish lichen, of a small church, with a cross on one gable; the red,

time-worn tiling of old houses below it; masses of broad-leaved trees beyond; and the still river, with the few vessels that even now can creep upward thus far, lying under the light of a sky flecked with white cloudlets. Nothing can exceed the almost sleepy calm and repose of the scene; yet we are here at the very gate of that famous harbor of Sandwich which Leo von Rotzmitz, the Bohemian ambassador of 1446, describes as so full of wonder — the resort of ships of all sizes and from all parts of Europe. Green polders, on some of which old trees are growing, now represent this great harbor, the customs of which, within a few years after Von Rotzmitz visited it, yielded annually £17,000. There have been few greater changes in any part of England. Perhaps the best way for a stranger to get a tolerable notion of the general character of Sandwich will be to climb the low but massive Norman tower of St. Clement's Church. He will there see — if he has not already discovered the fact by losing his way — that the town has no main street, and that the disposition of the irregular, narrow, and winding ways seems to have been left altogether to chance. The mass of houses is crushed together within the lines of the old walls, and the only landmarks are the church towers. The best evidence, indeed, of the ancient wealth and importance of Sandwich remains in its churches; of which the earliest is that of St. Clement, who was constantly chosen (partly, perhaps, from the story of his death, and from his device of an anchor) as the patron of seafarers. His church here is of considerable size, with a central tower, the lofty arches of which are much enriched with Norman zigzags and grotesques. In the thirteenth century the chancel was rebuilt, and in the fifteenth the nave. The church thus indicates, by its various changes, the increasing prosperity of the town. A great guild of St. George had its chantry here; and the pavement shows the matrices of many large and rich brasses, memorials of wealthy merchants.

Our Own Country.